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No. 1,533

APRIL 15, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 15, 1899



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,533—VOL. LIX. ] EDITION  
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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT  
Portrait of the Duke of Connaught

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½ d.



At Wana, one of the small military posts scattered about our frontier, a party of a Jemadar and three men of the 5th Punjab Cavalry had gone out shooting, and while passing through a defile about two miles from the fort, were suddenly fired on from both sides of the road by a body of Waziris, estimated at about fifty. Two men and three horses, including that of the Jemadar, were shot down. The third Sowar, who

had a bullet through his puggaree, very pluckily halted in the midst of the heavy fire to enable his officer to get up behind him, and in this manner they escaped to the mouth of the pass, about half a mile, where the Jemadar dismounted and sent the man on to give information at the fort. Troops were sent out in pursuit, but only one straggler was captured. Our illustration is from a sketch by Captain H. M. Allen.

A FRONTIER EPISODE: A GALLANT SOWAR SAVES AN OFFICER FROM A WAZIRI AMBUSH



## Topics of the Week

### Pin-Pricks in the Pacific

LORD SALISBURY once said that if the journalists would only leave the diplomatists alone there would be little risk of war in the world. We are not inclined to regard this remark as possessing a universal application, but there can be no question that it has rather more than a grain of truth in it. The *hetzreden* of the German Press on the Samoan Question might well be cited by the Premier to point his moral. If anything is clear in this complicated and bewildering embroglio, it is that the diplomacy of the three interested Powers is working earnestly and in a spirit of the truest conciliation to find a satisfactory basis of settlement. None the less the German Press day after day breathes only defiance to the Anglo-Saxon union, which is accused of every form of arrogant misdemeanour a lively invention and a *patriotard* spirit can conceive. To read the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, or the *Neueste Nachrichten*, or any of the organs of the Pan-Germanic League, one would imagine that, just as M. Drumont borrowed his anti-Semitism from Treitschke and Marr, so the Germans had lately taken to learning foreign politics from M. de Cassagnac or M. Lucien Millevoye. The worst of this propaganda is that while it does no good to German interests in Samoa, it is calculated to do a great deal of harm to the permanent relations of Great Britain and Germany. There is none too much good feeling between the two peoples, and their embittered polemics can only tend to still further alienate them, inasmuch as they are likely to foster an impression in both countries that they are natural enemies. Nothing is really further from the truth or from the ideas of responsible statesmen in London and Berlin. The trade rivalry of the two countries really gives them an important community of interest, and both would suffer—Germany, perhaps, more than this country—if, instead of cultivating this community, they were to take to cutting each other's throats in the sight of a world which is only too anxious to see either of them suffer. The marvel is that all this danger should be courted on account of a dispute of the most trumpery character. One would imagine that the island specks in the Western Pacific which have evoked all this heat were in truth another Egypt—one of the Tom Tiddler's grounds of the world, or a strategic position of world-wide importance. Not only is this not the case, but there is actually not the slightest disposition in this country or in the United States to interfere with German interests or to belittle German rights. If, during recent events, anything has been done of which Germany may legitimately complain, she may rest assured of receiving every equitable satisfaction. We trust, however, that the moral of this dispute will be taken to heart, and that an effort will be made to settle, once and for all, the whole question of the neutral region in the Western Pacific on a natural and permanent basis. The clause in the Anglo-German Declaration of 1836, which constituted Samoa, Tonga, and Niue, a "neutral region," was clearly intended to be only a temporary expedient, and it cannot be pretended that the Tri-Partite Treaty of 1889 introduced any element of finality into this arrangement. These temporary shifts have been allowed to endure much too long. As soon as the present differences have been composed by the High Commission to which the three Powers have now assented, the larger question should be taken in hand by the British and German Governments, and finally solved by a fair division or a reasonable barter.

The enthusiastic reception accorded to the Duke and Duchess of York at Dublin represents much more accurately Irish feeling than the frothy declamation which too often passes for such to English understandings. There is nothing more deeply rooted in Irish character than reverence for Royalty. If an Irish Republic were established, its Parliament would very soon be discussing the question of who should wear the crown. No wonder, therefore, that although the Nationalists were still in the hot flush of electioneering victory, the future King-Emperor of these isles had a warmth of welcome which could not have been surpassed, if equalled, at any English or Scotch city. Not a single incident occurred to mar the harmony of proceedings from first to last; not one larrikin—there are some at the Irish capital as elsewhere—ventured to insult the nation's guests. It is greatly to be hoped that the auspicious visit will be repeated again and again, unless that be rendered unnecessary by the establishment of a permanent Royal residence in the Sister Isle. Just at present the Duke and Duchess have too much other work on their hands. After dropping in next Monday on gallant little Wales, the London season will have to be taken in hand and set going. It is a laborious life that British Royalty lives nowadays; there is no "eight hours' rule" for those who wear the purple in this busy kingdom.

## The Queen at Cimiez

THE air at Cimiez has had its usual beneficial effect on the Queen, who is in wonderfully improved health and spirits. Her popularity in the district adds greatly to Her Majesty's enjoyment, for while the inhabitants fully respect their Royal guest's wish for privacy, they show her many a simple attention in unaffected fashion. Thus when the Queen and her daughters paid a visit to the picturesque village of Falicon the women and children brought bunches of flowers to the Royal carriage, crying out "Vive la Reine" as Her Majesty drove away. The weather being so much warmer, the Royal party are able to have tea out of doors during their afternoon drives, and when at Falicon the tea was spread on a plateau among olive groves. Another afternoon the meal was taken on the heights near the village chapel of St. Pancrace, whence the view extended far over the sea and the Esterel mountains. Very interesting too was a drive to the Monastery of Notre Dame de Laghet, where the monks presented their visitors with bottles of choice liqueurs made in the monastery. Princesses Christian and Beatrice, with the latter's two sons, went into the chapel to inspect the curious paintings of the miracles ornamenting the porticoes. The Duchess of Aosta was the Queen's companion in a drive to Montboron and Villefranche, when the Royal party had tea on a height overlooking the harbour.

## The Duke of Connaught

THE formal announcement of the Duke of Connaught, that by the regrettable death of the Duke of Edinburgh's only son he has become heir-presumptive of the Duchies of Coburg and Gotha, has given rise to some misapprehension. It has been interpreted in some quarters as necessarily involving immediate severance of the Duke's long and highly honourable connection with the British Army. If that were inevitable there would, indeed, be ample room for regret; the service cannot afford to part with one of its smartest and most popular commanders. It may even be questioned whether, if one sphere of duty or the other had to be renounced, the Duke would not have elected to hold on to the profession of which he has been an active member for more than thirty years. Happily, there was no occasion for making choice. On the death of Hereditary Prince Alfred, the Duke of Connaught at once occupied precisely the same position as was filled for many years by his next elder brother. Inasmuch, then, as the Duke of Edinburgh when Heir Presumptive to the Duchies held high command in the British Navy, and did not leave the service until the Grand Ducal succession fell vacant, there is nothing to debar the Duke of Connaught from becoming Commander-in-Chief of the British Army when entitled by seniority to fill that great position. In short, his present formal acceptance of the succession does not really alter anything; the Duke remains a British officer and a British citizen.

A short summary of the Duke's professional career may be interesting just now. After serving successively in the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, the Rifle Brigade and the 7th Hussars, in order to become practically acquainted with these several arms, he received command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot, an experience which, no doubt, stood him in good stead when appointed to a similar post in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, 1882. Here he won his spurs as a combatant; officers of high distinction expressed very favourable opinions of his readiness of resource and coolheadedness. On the termination of the campaign, he received the thanks of Parliament, together with several decorations, and with these blushing honours thick upon him, the Royal soldier went back to Aldershot, to learn whatever that great school of military knowledge could still teach him. Thence he moved on to a still grander school, that of India, and as general commanding the famous Meerut Division, he came into personal relations with the finest native troops in the whole peninsula. A bright and gay station at all times, except during the very hot weather, Meerut thoroughly appreciated a general who, although strict on duty, had plenty of relish for social distractions. Bombay pronounced the same favourable judgment when the Duke became Commander-in-Chief of the Western Presidency; not only did he improve the efficiency of the local army, but the "Ducks" were charmed by the absence of stand-off-ishness which characterised the Royal couple.

Subsequently, he was appointed to the Aldershot command, as successor to Sir Evelyn Wood, and it is no flattery to assert that his achievements did not compare unfavourably with those of his clever predecessor. He worked indefatigably for the benefit of the troops, and he had his reward in their increased efficiency.



A very large crowd attended the ceremony of the unveiling of this memorial, which is fully described on another page. The official representatives included Count Paul Esterhazy, representing the Emperor of Austria, Captain Ponsonby, representing Queen Victoria, Count d'Orsay, representing the Prince of Monaco, M. Grassi, Secretary-General to the Prefecture, representing the Premier, and M. Glaise, representing the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Bishop of Nice, who celebrated Mass and unveiled the monument, subsequently delivered an eloquent address on the virtues and sorrows of the Empress.

UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA  
AT CAP MARTIN

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE week has seen the House of Commons reassemble after the Easter Recess. On Thursday members listened to the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolding details of the Budget. We have had a dance on sea and land, and here comes the imperturbable paper insisting upon being paid. These things have made the week memorable. But for seething excitement, occasionally breaking forth into uncontrollable uproar, Tuesday night stands forth pre-eminent.

It was a private members' night, and, falling immediately after the reassembling of holiday-makers, seemed predestined to a count-out. As a matter of fact the sitting was shortly after nine o'clock brought to abrupt close by discovery that there were not forty members present. By that time the particular business that stirred the profound depths of feeling had been completed. It was in the hands of Mr. Gedge, a circumstance, *per se*, not promising concentrated attention. The member for Walsall is, after all, a shrewd man, and had made of his own a question the very mention of which is sufficient to kindle the heather fire. He placed on the paper a resolution depicting the spirit of lawlessness evinced in the English Church Union Memorial, and calling upon Ministers of the Crown not to recommend for ecclesiastical preferment any clergyman unless they be satisfied that he will loyally obey the law as declared by the Courts in matters ecclesiastical.

Matters took their ordinary course whilst Mr. Gedge was on his legs. The benches were sparsely filled. The Leader of the Opposition did not think it worth while to be in his place to hear the member for Walsall run a tilt against Ritualism. The example was generously followed on both sides. In these depressing circumstances matters proceeded whilst Mr. Hoare moved an amendment eliminating from the resolution direct reference to the Church Union, confining it to expression of the confident hope that Ministers of the Crown will not recommend any clergyman for ecclesiastical preferment unless they are satisfied that he will loyally obey the Bishops and the Prayer Book.

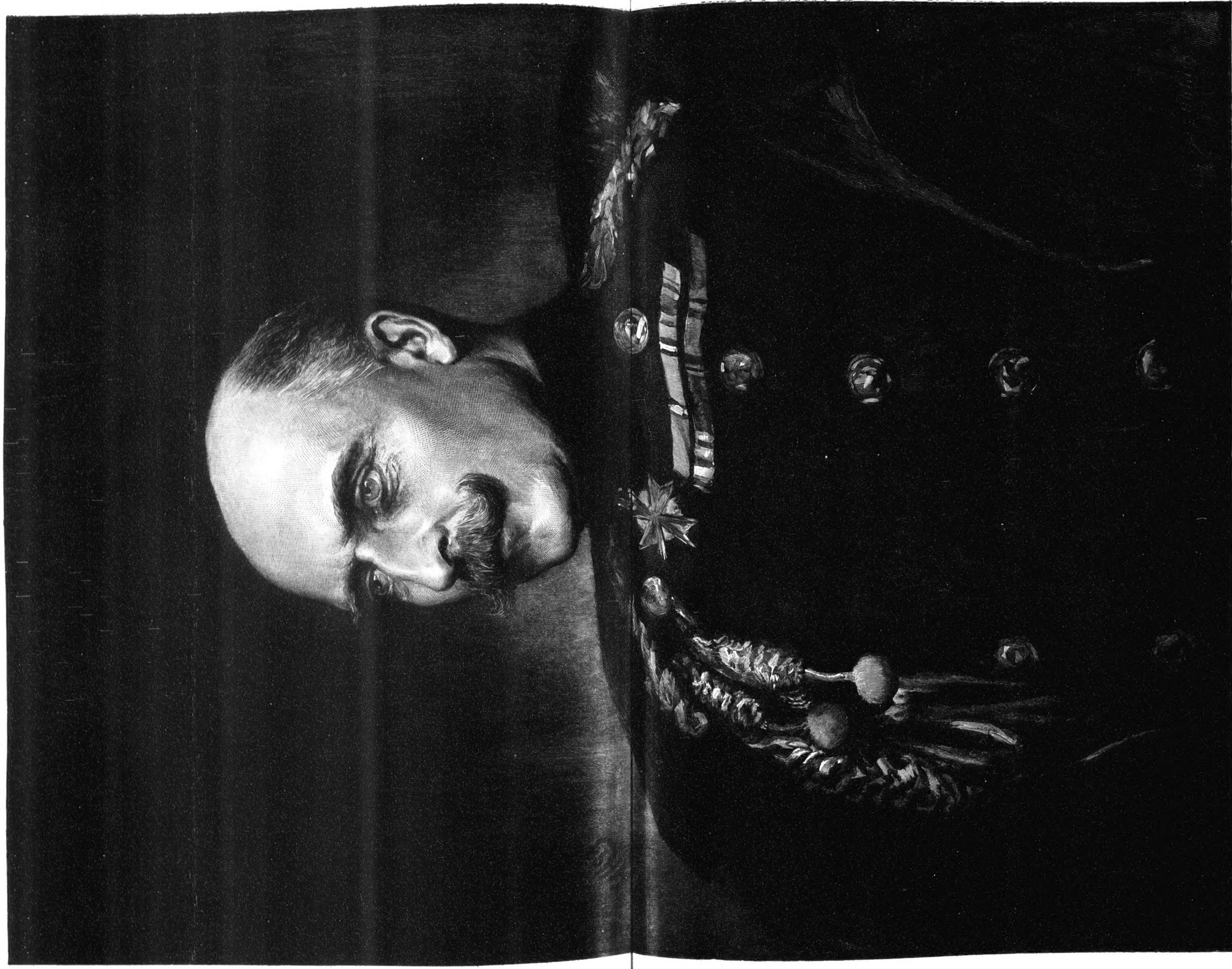
Mr. Balfour rising to speak the House showed signs of quickened interest. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman receiving a signal in his private room came in to hear how the Leader of the House would acquit himself in the delicate and difficult position in which he had been landed by the zeal of a faithful follower. The benches in other parts of the House filled up till Mr. Balfour found himself faced and surrounded by a full congregation, intently listening. Evidently impressed by the gravity of the situation, he spoke with a deliberation that occasionally, by comparison with his habitually ready style, lapsed into hesitancy. He declared his preference for the amendment, expressing the hope that Mr. Gedge would withdraw his motion and so open the way for unanimous acceptance of the amendment. Mr. Gedge, readily enough, fell in with this suggestion. There it seemed the matter would end, and members get comfortably away to dinner.

Possibly that course would have been adopted but for the interposition of Lord Hugh Cecil. To begin with there was nothing provocative in his attitude. He agreed with his cousin in readiness to accept the amendment. He even joined in the general condemnation of the action of the Church Union. But undesignedly, insensibly, Lord Hugh always communicates to the House some of the molten heat that underlies his harmless, almost boyish appearance. He brought Mr. Balfour up with defence and explanation of his meaning in applying the term disloyal to some of the followers of Lord Halifax. Worse still, he dragged Sir E. Clarke into the fray, by insistence upon the doctrine that it is alone through the jurisdiction of the bishops any hope exists that the Church will be saved from the dangers threatening her. The ex-Solicitor-General, speaking as a loyal Churchman, announced, amid loud cheers, his desire not only to support episcopal authority but to support the authority of the established law of the land. Sir Edward brought up the Leader of the Opposition, who had not intended to take part in the debate.

After Sir Henry resumed his seat the talk again languished, and the influence of the closely-approaching dinner hour evidently began to tell on members. The House seemed just drifting into acceptance of Mr. Hoare's amendment when division was made from a new and unexpected quarter. Mr. Bartley proposed to add to the amendment words taken from the conclusion of Mr. Gedge's motion now rejected. These required assurances from clergyman nominated to Church preference by Ministers of the Crown that they will obey the law as declared by the Courts which have jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. This proposal met with such prompt and decisive approval from both sides that nothing seemed lacking but its formal acceptance. The Speaker had actually put the question when Mr. Balfour hastily interposed. He uncompromisingly objected to Mr. Bartley's amendment, declaring that he would not be able to support it.

At this announcement a feeling of gloomy expectation closed over the now crowded Ministerial benches. The majority seated there were seated to face with the alternative of deserting and defeating their leader or of searing their consciences. Sir Edward Clarke, amid loud cheers in which the Ministerialists ominously joined, besought Mr. Balfour to withdraw his objection. On the other hand Lord Cranborne and Colonel Welby urged him to stand by his guns. Having a quarter of an hour to think the matter over Mr. Balfour capitulated, a grateful cheer from his harried followers welcoming this deliverance. It was only the signal for revolt in a fresh quarter. The compromising Lord Hugh Cecil was not on a matter of conscience to be influenced either by conscience or by Party loyalty. If, he hotly declared, he went into the lobby alone he would divide on the amendment weighted with Mr. Bartley's addendum. He was as good as his word. Fourteen good Churchmen followed him into the lobby, 200, including Mr. Balfour and his colleagues on the Front Bench, voting for the provision, which, when first submitted, the First Lord of the Treasury had denounced as unwise, even dangerous.





H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., AT SPECIAL SITTINGS ACCORD TO "THE GRAPHIC"



# A New Portrait of Our Lord

The greatest interest has been aroused, both abroad and at home, by the discovery of a medal in an excellent state of preservation, bearing an effigy which there is every reason to believe is a portrait of Christ. The discovery itself is not of recent date. A Frenchman, M. Boyer d'Agen, found it two years ago, in the Campo dei Fiori at Rome, where the Jews of the ancient Ghetto hold a fair every Wednesday, purchasing it in an old curiosity shop for the mere sum of one penny. He wore it on his watch chain till the end of last year, when he showed it to the well-known Parisian goldsmith, MM. Falize Frères, who pronounced it to be a unique work of art, and, with M. Boyer d'Agen's permission, had it copied and submitted impressions to experts in numismatics. The medal has since been examined by members of the French Academy of Inscriptions, the Society of French Antiquaries, and other learned



THE MEDAL DISCOVERED AT ROME

bodies, and although its antiquity has been contested by some, by others it is held to be a genuine relic of the early Christians. The consensus of opinion seems to be that it was used as a badge in the times of persecution to enable the Christians to assemble in their secret places of worship—that, in fact, it served as a countersign—and the effigy is considered to be an authentic and perhaps contemporary portrait of Our Lord. Quite a controversy has arisen on the subject of the genuineness of this medal, as appears from a pamphlet recently published by MM. Falize Frères. However the question may ultimately be decided, the medal is beautiful as a work of art, and the countenance of the portrait is singularly pleasing and impressive, the likeness to the generally accepted pictures of Our Lord being most marked. The Hebrew inscription on the reverse is in Syrio-Chaldaic characters, and runs: "The Messiah has reigned, He came in peace, And, having become the light of man, He lives." MM. Falize Frères have reproduced the medal in gold, silver, and bronze.

# A Demonstration in Finland

THE statue of the Emperor Alexander II. at Helsingfors was the scene of a considerable demonstration on the occasion of the anni-



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versary of the Emperor's death. Every town and every parish in the Grand Duchy sent a wreath to honour the memory of the ruler who was held in such general esteem.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Daniel Nyblin.

# THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A series of articles illustrative of the progress of England during the century now drawing to a close is commenced this week. Amongst the eminent writers who are contributing on their special subjects are the Very Rev. Dean Farrar, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, Professor Dowden, Professor Ray Lankester, Sir Edmund Du Cane, Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. F. A. Eaton, Secretary to the Royal Academy, Mr. Scott Keltie, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Major Arthur Griffiths, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Alfred E. Watson, Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Mr. Charles Lowe, Mr. Harold Cox, Secretary to the Cobden Club, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and other well-known authorities.

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The TWO HUNDRED and FORTY-FIFTH FESTIVAL will be celebrated under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, on WEDNESDAY, 26th April. Choir of 300 voices and full Orchestra. Service commences at half-past three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam." The Anthem will consist of a selection from Sullivan's Oratorio "The Prodigal Son." For the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" a New Service (in G), by Battison Haynes, will be introduced. The Rev. HY. EDWD. J. BEVAN, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, will Preach. Handel's Hallelujah Chorus will conclude the Service. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards, &c., will attend. The ANNUAL DINNER will take place on the same day, at six o'clock for 6.30 precisely, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

### STEWARDS.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| The Earl Stanhope (3rd time)   | Rev. Robert Mashiter, M.A. (3rd time)   |
| The Bishop of London (2nd time)  | Rev. Henry W. Moss, D.D., Head Master of Shrewsbury School (2nd time)         |
| The Bishop of Llandaff (5th time)  | Rev. Canon Norman, M.A. (6th time)  |
| The Bishop of Rochester  | Rev. Ernest H. Pearce, M.A.   |
| The Rt. Hon. Sir John Voce Moore (Lord Mayor) (2nd time)                   | Rev. Canon F. P. Phillips, M.A. (4th time)                                    |
| The Hon Mr. Justice Kennedy  | Rev. Alfred Povah, D.D. (7th time)  |
| Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. (10th time)   | Rev. Lewis N. Prance, M.A. (2nd time)   |
| Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart., Alderman, High Sheriff of Surrey (8th time) | Rev. John Robbins, D.D. (6th time)  |
| The Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart., M.A. (6th time)                        | Rev. Henry G. Rolt, M.A. (1st time)   |
| Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., LL.D., M.P., Alderman (18th time)              | Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (3rd time) |
| Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart., M.A.                                    | Rev. G. Cosby White, M.A. (1st time)  |
| Sir Richard Webster, G.C.M.G., M.P., H.M. Attorney-General (3rd time)      | Rev. L. Borrett White, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's (4th time)              |
| Sir Wm. MacCormac, Bart., K.C.V.O. F.R.C.S.                                | Rev. Richard Whittington, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's (4th time)           |
| Sir Horatio D. Davies, K.C.M.G., M.P., Alderman (10th time).               | Rev. J. Beck Wickes, M.A. (23rd time)   |
| Alderman Walter Vaughan Morgan   | Alfred Baldwin, Esq., M.P. (6th time)   |
| Alderman Frederick P. Allston  | Henry B. Blandy, Esq. (2nd time)  |
| Lieut.-Col. Clifford Probyn  | George C. Bompas, Esq.  |
| Very Rev. Edward C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln                         | Charles John Clay, Esq., M.A., J.P.   |
| G. Ernest Tabor, Esq., Master of the Grocers' Company                      | Lt.-Col. Alf. J. Copeland, F.S.A. (1st time)                                  |
| Howard Vyse, Esq., Master of the Skinners' Company                         | Walter D. Cronin, Esq. (10th time)  |
| George Wm. Barnard, Esq., Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company          | Rev. Harry Stovell Cronin, M.A., Dean of Trinity Hall, Cambridge (8th time)   |
| H. Percival Stebbing, Esq., Master of the Salters' Company                 | Archibald Day, Esq. (5th time)  |
| George Wyndham Hog-Girtin, Esq., Master of the Clothworkers' Company       | Thomas Charles Dewey, Esq. (4th time)   |
| The Ven. William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London (6th time).          | Robert W. Dibdin, Esq., F.R.G.S.  |
| Rev. A. H. Sanxay-Barwell, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester (3rd time)       | Frederic C. Dobbin, Esq. (2nd time)   |
| Rev. Henry N. Collier, M.A. (3rd time)                                     | Frederick Fisher, Esq. (2nd time)   |
| Rev. Henry M. Davey, M.A., F.S.A., F.G.S.                                  | William Hughes, Esq. (3rd time)   |
| Rev. Edwin H. Gifford, D.D. (3rd time)                                     | William J. Lancaster, Esq. (6th time)   |
| Rev. Henry Scott-Holland, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's (2nd time)             | Frederick Lee, Esq. (2nd time)  |
| Rev. John G. Lonsdale, M.A., Canon of Lichfield (3rd time)                 | Horace B. Marshall, Esq., M.A., J.P., D.L. (18th time)                        |

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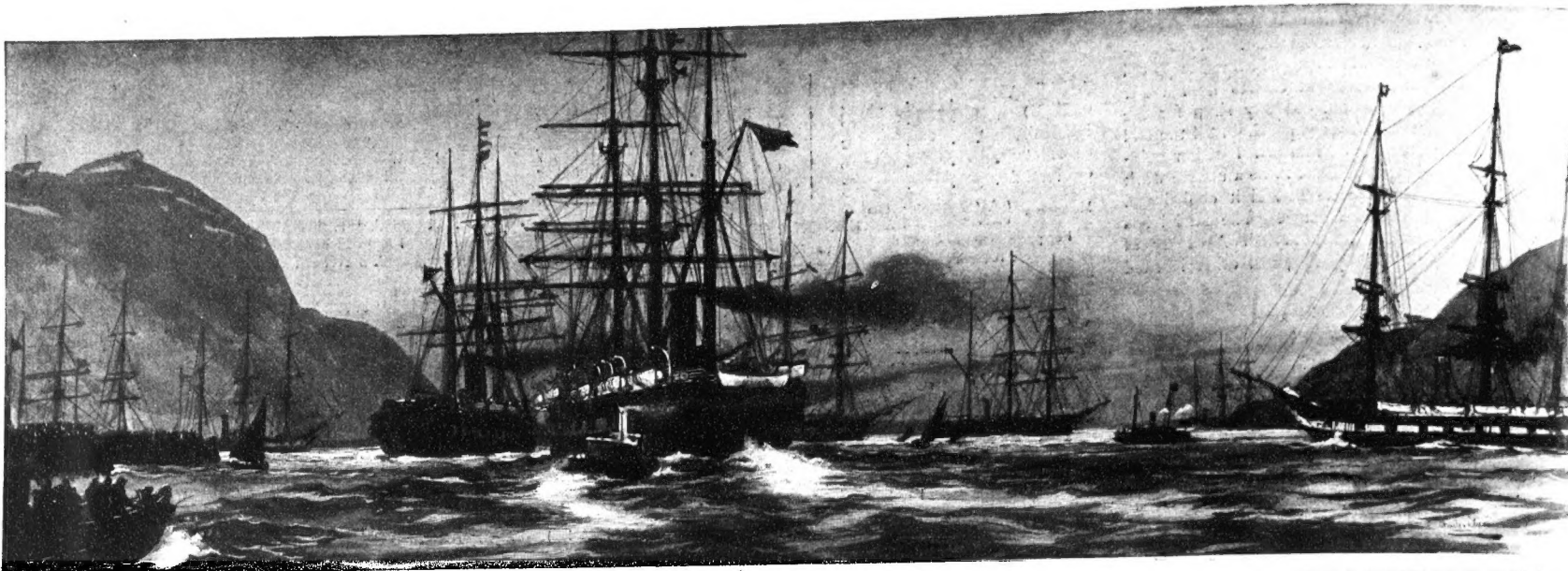
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DRAWN BY GEORGE DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD

SEAL FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND: THE STEAM SEALING FLEET STARTING FROM ST. JOHN'S FOR THE ARCTIC ICEFIELDS

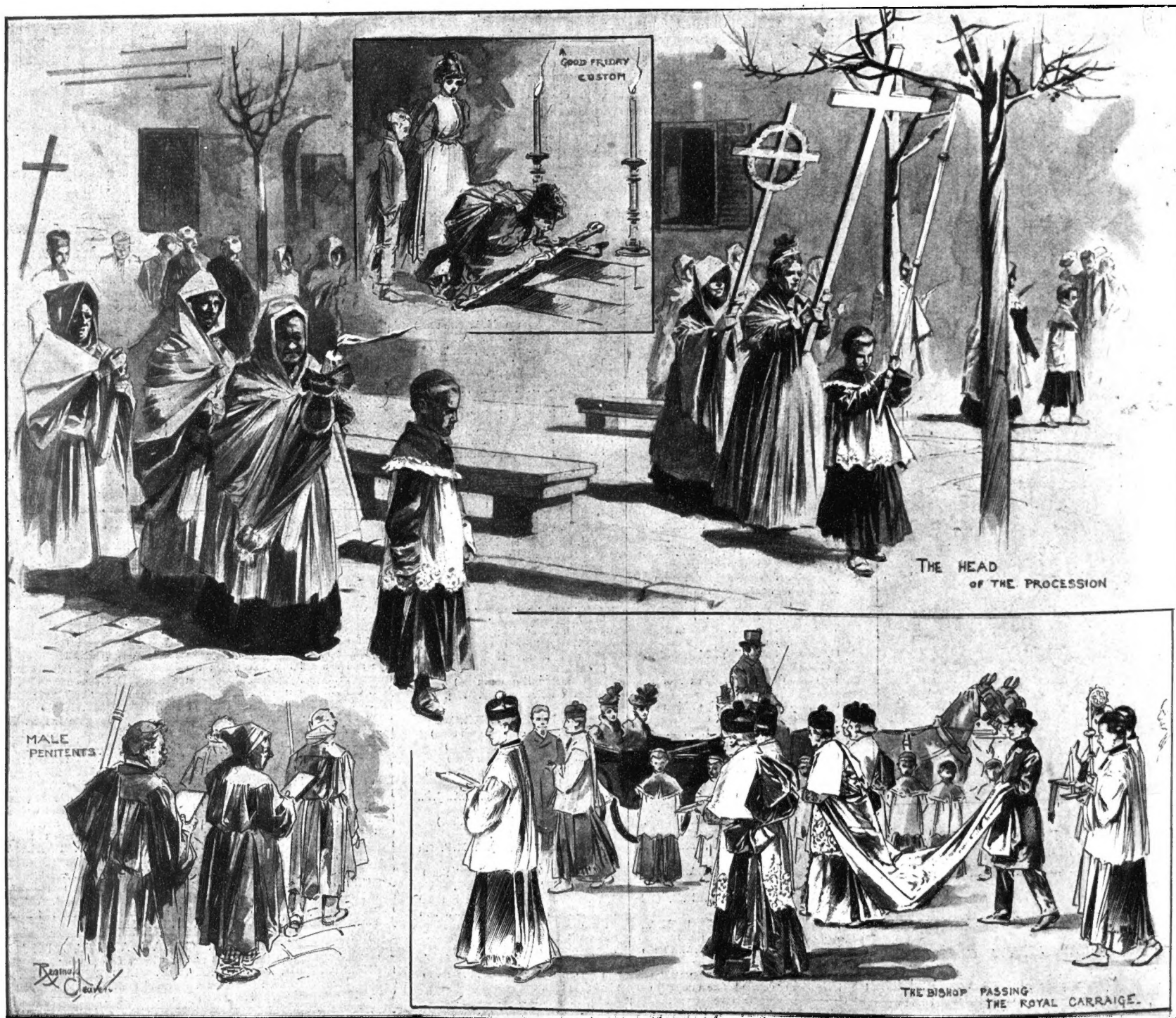
### The Newfoundland Sealing Fleet

THE steam sealing fleet, which is here shown, is manned by 3,000 sealers. The sailing vessels, manned by about 2,000 men, make a somewhat earlier start for the seal fisheries. The Newfoundland sealers are a fine body of smart, well-made young fellows, and it is believed that the Home Government contemplates the formation of a branch of the Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Marine Artillery in Newfoundland; as these fishermen are accustomed to the use of the gun from childhood and are excellent shots, they form a very valuable body of raw material for naval and military training. The sealing fleet has so far been very successful.

### Les Penitents Rouges

AN ancient Italian custom still kept up on the Riviera by a brother and sisterhood called "Les Penitents Rouges," and also "Les Penitents Bleus," dates from the days when Nice was Italian, but, like many other ancient customs, writes our correspondent, is gradually dying out, though the Riviera is still very rich in quaint ceremonies at this time of the year. The brotherhood is religious, and the procession takes place each year on "Jeu Saint," the day before Good Friday. The members, men and women, are nearly all quite old people, and become, through death, fewer in number year by year. The women wear a white

gown and white veil and a "blue" or "red" ribbon; the men wear a "blue" or "red" gown. The procession is supported by the bishop and clergy, and visit several churches where prayers are said; each woman carries a large lighted candle, and some of them crosses. The Queen has on more than one occasion driven down to witness the procession, and did so last year. This year the Duchess of York and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein witnessed the ceremony, accompanied by Lady Antrim and Colonel Carrington. Another curious Good Friday custom is for a large crucifix to be laid on the steps in front of an altar, and the people come in and say a prayer and kneel and kiss the body five times on the head, hands, and feet.



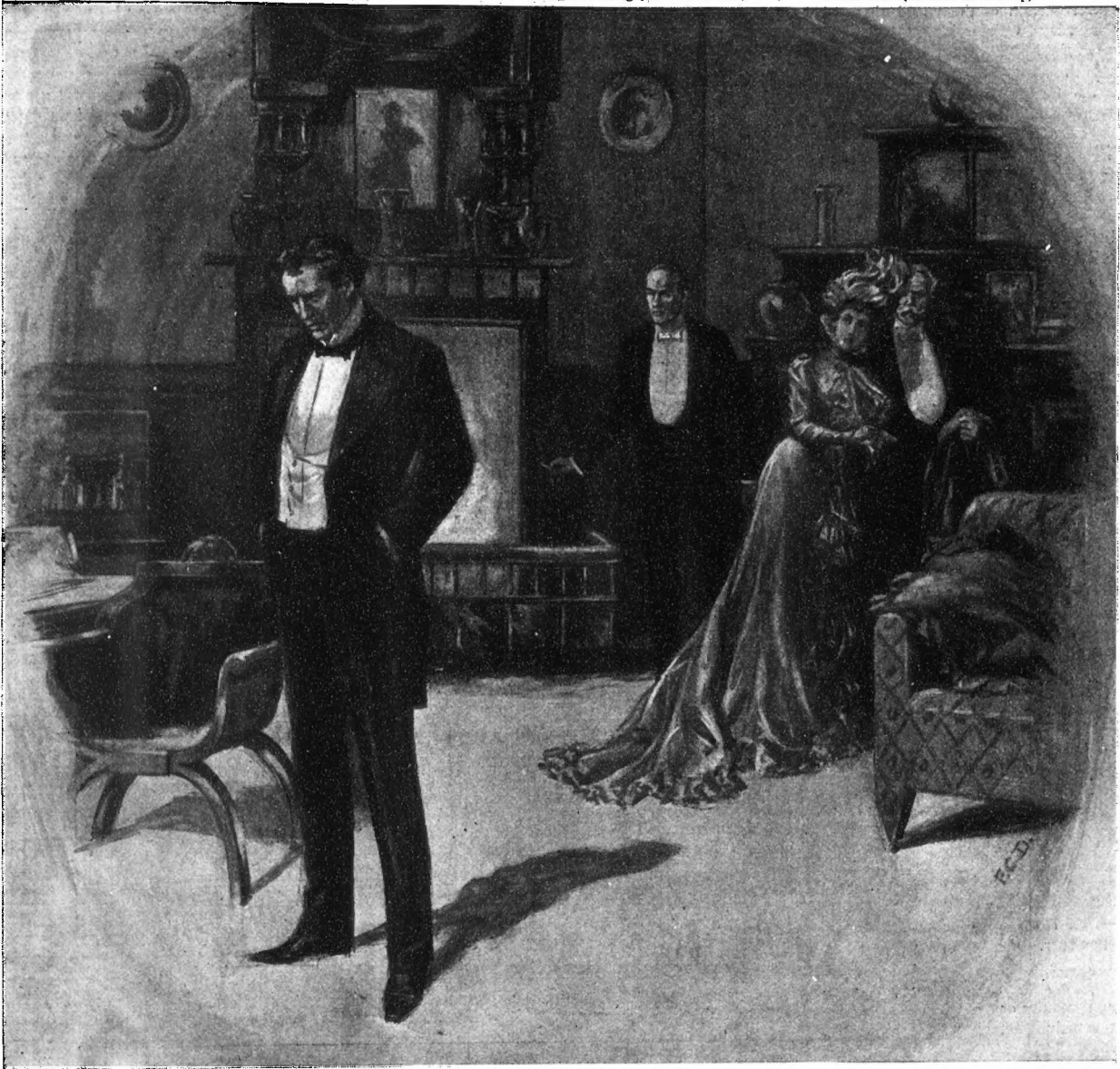
"LES PENITENTS ROUGES": AN ANCIENT EASTER OBSERVANCE AT NICE



"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

IN the new comedy at the CRITERION Mr. Haddon Chambers, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a writer of melodramas and plays of romance and excitement, makes something more than a promising appearance in the field of comedy. His piece is described by him as a "Comedy of Temperament," which is perhaps not very explicit, though the temperament of his heroine, Mrs. Parbury, is a very important element in the plan of the piece. Tears, as is well known, are among the ladies' most potent weapons, and Mrs. Parbury, when she has a difference with her husband—which is not a rare event in the Parbury household—has always tears at command. It may be added that her tears generally prevail. It happens, however, that the persecuted Parbury is at last provoked to put his foot down and assert his marital authority. A manifest defect in the design is that when he does this his spouse has really good ground for complaint. In brief, her husband has a lady amanuensis, Miss Woodward, who nourishes in secret so deep an admiration for her em-



Mr. Parbury (Mr. Wyndham)

Mrs. Parbury (Miss Mary Moore)

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

ployer that Mrs. Parbury one day detects her in the act of bestowing kisses on a portrait of her employer. Surely if Mrs. Parbury after this was desirous that the impressionable young lady should seek an engagement elsewhere this was not wholly unreasonable. On this chosen ground, however, Mr. Parbury decides to fight the battle of freedom, and he prevails. It is not, however, an easy triumph, for Mrs. Parbury leaves the house, and great are the embarrassments which this step entails upon her husband. In the end Miss Woodward solves the difficulty by leaving to get married. The dialogue is very bright and clever, the action brisk and marked by many humorous situations, and the acting being excellent all round, the piece was a complete success. Mr. Charles Wyndham, in the part of the much-worried yet always buoyant Parbury, is a figure which his admirers will have no difficulty in picturing. Miss Mary Moore's habitual gentleness is a little out of keeping with the lady's wilful perversity, though in itself very pleasing. Capital pieces of acting are Miss Maud Millett's lady amanuensis, Mr. Fred Kerr's Gunning, and Mr. Alfred Bishop's Colonel Armitage—all characters which contribute much to sustain the spirit and humour of the piece.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS BAUER

CAPTAIN SCHMIDT, OF THE BULGARIA, WITH HIS OFFICERS AND MEN LANDING AT HAMBURG AFTER THEIR PERILOUS VOYAGE



# "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

ALL the world—or, at least, all that portion of the world that found itself at the GLOBE Theatre on Saturday evening—is agreed that Miss Irene Vanbrugh's impersonation of Sophy Fullgarney, the New Bond Street manicurist woman, was the most potent factor in the brilliant success of Mr. Pinero's latest comedy. Manicuring, it is true, has no very material connection with the dramatic elements of the author's story. The little world to which we are introduced simply finds in Miss Fullgarney's establishment a common ground of meeting. Hither come the venerable Countess of Owbridge, the sentimental Duchess of Strood, and the flighty Mrs. Jack Eden, bent upon submitting their hands to the skilful treatment of Miss Fullgarney's little band of lady assistants, or upon consulting Mr. Frank Pollitt, known to the world as "Valma," a professional palmist who lives next door, and is engaged to the astute and flourishing Sophy. The "gay" Marquis of Quex, who at eight-and-forty is a reformed rake about to settle down in the marriage state, is also a lounge here, and with him is his old chum, Sir Chichester Frayne, who, elderly though he is, has not yet sown all his wild oats, and whose habit of ogling women, young and old, would seem to disqualify him for association with Quex in his reformed condition. Further, we make the acquaintance of Muriel Eden, who, though she is engaged to Quex, makes assignations here, through the persuasion of Sophy, with a young captain named Bastling.

What really interests is the long-drawn duel or battle of wits between the astute, resourceful, but impulsive Sophy and the mature, polished man of the world, Quex, which is fully prepared when the drop curtain descends upon the first act. Sophy has her good side: she has a genuine affection for Muriel, her foster-sister; and is resolutely opposed to her marrying the middle-aged beau. Hence the pains she takes to bring Muriel into contact with Bastling, whom she regards as a far more suitable match. The great difficulty is that Muriel has a strong inclination towards Quex. His polished manner, and agreeable talk have charmed her, and she has a woman's pride in the thought that it is love of her—and the Marquis's passion is really sincere—that has wrought the change in his nature. In all this, however, the more worldly Sophy has not the least faith, and she determines that what she has to do is to show that Muriel's *fancé* is still the "gay" person that he has ever been. An opportunity occurs when all the parties—Sophy included—find themselves staying at Lady

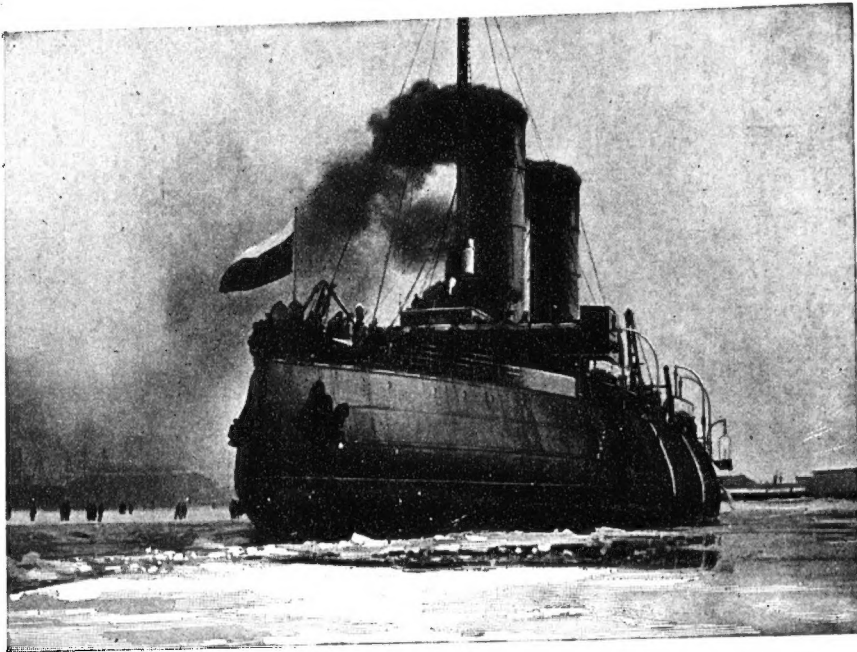
Owbridge's seat, Fauncey Court. It is in the grounds of this mansion that Sophy, under cover of a manicure operation, brings all the charm of her personality and her saucy wit to bear on Quex, who is very nearly falling into the snare; but, ultimately, his knowledge of life and his quick instincts serve him well, and Sophy is compelled to retire discomfited. A more promising opportunity is afforded to her in the next act. Quex, in a moment of weakness, has promised his old flame, the sentimental Duchess of

excited the audience on Saturday night, and has since been the talk of the town. The Duchess, guided by Quex, having left a note addressed to her maid in the adjoining bedroom, apprising her that the writer is gone to sleep with her friend, Mrs. Eden, escapes by another door, and the Marquis rings the bell, which is promptly answered by Sophy. Offers of bribes for silence are the first resource, but Quex discovers to his surprise that her spying has been due to no mercenary motives, but simply to a determination to

prevent his marriage with Muriel. When Sophy turns to depart, she finds Quex has locked the doors and retained the keys. She is in a rage, and Quex points out to her that if she causes a scandal she will be herself involved in it. What will the world—what will her jealous *fancé*, the old woman Valma, say? Alarmed at this new plot, she decides to retire from the contest, and, as a guarantee, signs a compromising paper. Then she remembers that this is abandoning Muriel to her fate, and, regardless of the consequences, pulls the bell-rope to summon the servants.

It is impossible to give more than a faint hint as these of the successive phases of this prolonged contest, sustained as it is with a mixture of sincerity and force. It ends with a revelation of feeling on both sides; Quex, impressed with this proof of Sophy's honest motives, destroys the compromising paper; Sophy, who is now convinced that Quex's feelings towards Muriel are sincere, promises him her good offices, and when the servants respond to the summons they are simply dismissed with an excuse spoken by Sophy through the half-opened door. The last act could not possibly maintain the high tension of this dramatic scene, but none the less is the interest sustained. It need hardly be said that the resourceful Sophy finds a way—it is not a very original or convincing way, but it serves—of getting rid of Bastling. Still less is there need to add that the Marquis is the favoured suitor, though he is certainly old enough to be the father of his bride. Mr. Pinero owes much to his interpreters. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's manicurist woman, with her curious blend of cunning and earnestness, her ready wit, her faint tinge of vulgarity, and her altogether alluring personality, is a remarkable creation; and Mr. John Hare's Quex is a very substantial addition to his gallery of portraits of

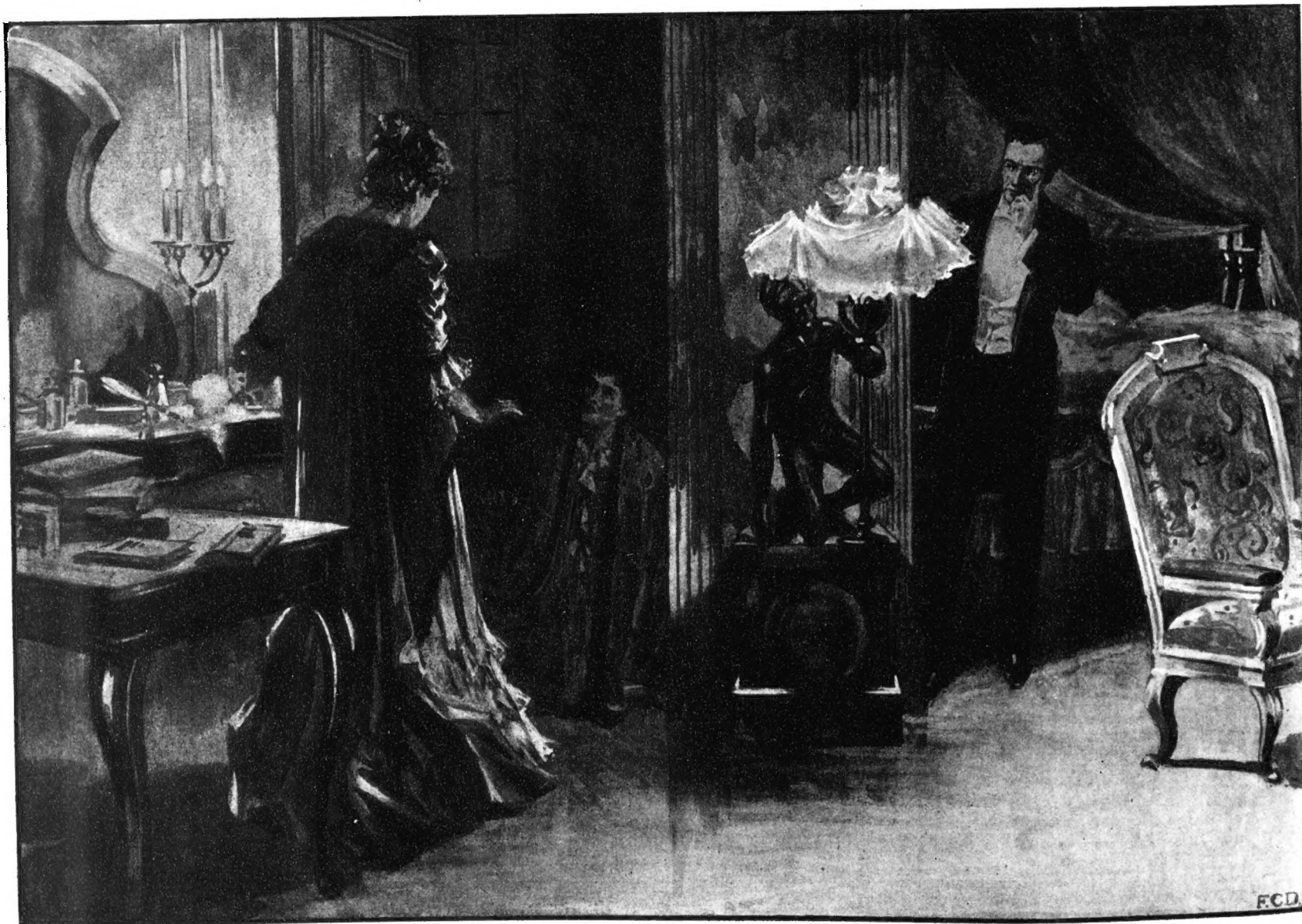
shrewd, polished and pleasing men of the world. Mr. Gilbert Hare's Sir Chichester Frayne, the elderly gentleman who is not yet cured of the habit of ogling, is, on the other hand, a clever and amusing study of character; Miss Fanny Coleman as Lady Owbridge is a grand old dame; and Miss Fortescue does what can be done with the not very comprehensible character of the Duchess. The play was brilliantly successful, and none of the incidents were wanting which attend on a prosperous first night.



The icebreaker *Ermack*, which recently arrived at Kronstadt, has now been put to a practical test. She was called up to the assistance of three steamers, one British, one German, and the other Norwegian, icebound some twenty miles from the port of Reval. The German steamer was dangerously leaking from damage done during her struggles with the ice. However, when the *Ermack* came up she made, as shown in our illustration, a channel in the solid ice in which the merchant vessels were able to follow to the harbour of Reval without difficulty. Other steamers came up next day, and so the port of Reval was opened for traffic.

## THE ICEBREAKER "ERMACK" AT WORK

Strood, to spend a farewell evening in her rooms. The rendezvous is a perfectly innocent one; but when the Duchess lets fall that Sophy has that evening taken the place of her maid, Quex's instincts tell him that she is spying upon them. Sophy is even detected listening at the door. The problem is now how to save the Duchess from the impending scandal. Then ensues that prolonged game of strategy and counter strategy between the Marquis and the manicurist lady, which so greatly interested and



The Duchess of Strood  
(Miss Fortescue)

Sophy  
(Miss Irene Vanbrugh)

Lord Quex  
(Mr. Hare)


SOPHY FULLGARNEY DISCOVERED LISTENING AT THE KEYHOLE OF THE BEDROOM DOOR

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE



## Our Portraits

GENERAL ROGET is one of the most interesting figures in the Dreyfus affair. The storm he has now brought about his ears through the publication of his statements in support of the condemnation of Dreyfus before the Court of Cassation is only one phase, though, in a drama which continually develops some new and striking phases, as witness the sensational suicide of the unfortunate Colonel Henry's former secretary at the precise moment when his evidence might have been valuable. The recklessness with which General Roget made allegations of the most formal kind



A black and white portrait of General Roget, a man with a mustache, wearing a military uniform with a high collar and medals. The portrait is enclosed in an oval frame.

**GENERAL ROGET**  
A prominent member of the Anti-Dreyfus Party



**GENERAL ROGET**  
A prominent member of the Anti-Dreyfus Party

well as the sole proprietor, of the Jungfrau mountain railway, which has already made considerable progress in construction. He was a strange mixture of a shrewd, hardheaded business man, with a queer, sometimes genial, sometimes fantastic cast, taking the form of schemes for new railways, or for the redistribution of the colonial possessions of all the European nations.

The late Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, who has bequeathed 50,000*l.* to the trustees of the British Museum, was a son of Mr. James Lean, of Clifton, one of the founders of Stuckey's Bank, and was a barrister of the Middle Temple. The bequest is made to the trustees of the British Museum for the improvement and extension of the library and reading-room, and Mr. Lean expressed a desire that the trustees might see their way to keep open the libraries and collections under their charge during some part at least of every Sunday, but this is not understood to be in any way a condition affecting the bequest.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chapman, Swansea.

Mr. Irwin Edward Bainbridge Cox, the new member for Harrow, of Moat Mount, Mill Hill, Middlesex, and the Old Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Serjeant Edward William Cox, of Moat Mount, recorder of Portsmouth and deputy-assistant judge of the Middlesex Sessions. He was born at Taunton, educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1854. After a few years practice, however, he relinquished the law as a profession for journalism. He is the chief proprietor of the *Field* and *Queen* newspapers, the *Law Times*, &c., and has published an "Anglers' Diary,"

chalk fossils, are now preserved in the Reading Museum, of which he became Honorary Curator on its foundation in 1884, only resigning last year owing to failing health. He was the author of many volumes on geological subjects.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Salmon, Reading.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, who will act as senior British representative at the approaching Conference on Disarmament at the Hague, is not only an experienced and popular diplomatist, but he is specially conversant with at least one important branch of the great problem which the approaching Conference will endeavour to solve. It was he who carried on with the United States the negotiations for a permanent Treaty of Arbitration, which only failed to be ratified owing to the ill-humour of the American Senate. The appointment of Sir Henry Howard, K.C.M.G., British Minister at The Hague, is, of course, *ex-officio*, but he brings to the Conference a very ripe and extensive experience, including much arbitration work and a considerable acquaintance with the Russian Court and the ways of the diplomatists. The two military and naval experts who will advise the British representatives are General Ardagh, the well-known Director of Military Intelligence, who has a brilliant record behind him, and whose work on previous Congresses and Conferences has entitled him to full confidence, and Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, K.C.B., who was formerly a Lord of the Admiralty and Controller of the Navy, and has held many commands, including service in the Crimean and Chinese Wars.—Our portrait of Sir Julian Pauncefote is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry; and those of General Ardagh and Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, from photographs by Russell and Sons.



MR. IRWIN COX  
New M.P. for Harrow



SIR HENRY HOWARD, K.C.M.G.  
British Representative at the Peace  
Conference



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR J. FISHER, K.C.B.  
British Naval Expert at the Peace Conference



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, G.C.B.  
British Representative at the Peace  
Conference



MAJ.-GEN. SIR JOHN ARDAGH, K.C.I.E.  
British Military Expert at the Peace  
Conference



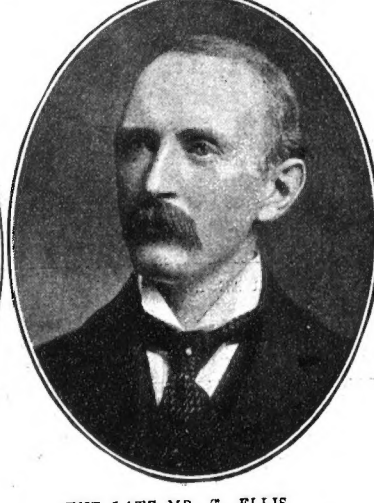
THE LATE HERR GUYER-ZELLER  
Originator of the Jungfrau Mountain Railway



THE LATE DR. STEVENS  
An aquarian and Geologist



THE LATE CAPTAIN HART  
Who saved the lives of fifty people



THE LATE MR. T. ELLIS  
Liberal Whip and M.P. for Merionethshire



THE LATE MR. V. S. LEAN  
Who bequeathed 50,000*l.* to the British  
Museum

brought in contradictions from every hand. Apart from the chorus of denials on general matter, in military matters also General Roget has himself in difficulties. A recently published instalment of the evidence published by the *Figaro* contains that of Major Hartmann, of the artillery. That officer takes up each of General Roget's statements in regard to the *borderneau*, and completely pulverises them. He helplessly lays document after document before the Court; quotes date after date. The famous cannon, the "120 Court," supposed to have been betrayed by Dreyfus to Germany in 1894 as a great secret, was already known to every officer in the army in 1890. The same is the good of the "troupes de couverture," and of the new artillery formations. Major Hartmann produces article after article from military journals in which these matters were discussed years before the finding of the *borderneau*.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Monin, Paris.

Herr Guyer-Zeller, of Zürich, the Railway King of Switzerland, died on Easter Monday, after a three weeks' illness, of heart disease. He was an extraordinary man. Born in 1830, as a son of a most influential family in the Zürich-Oberland, he laid the foundation of his very large fortune as a corn-miller and silk manufacturer. When Swiss railways passed through a severe crisis, and share dropped to a very low figure, he bought immense quantities to hold until the lines attained permanent prosperity. This brought him great wealth as well as power, more especially over the North-Eastern Railway of Switzerland, of which he became the all-powerful chairman in 1894. Herr Guyer-Zeller was the originator, as

"Hints on Fishing and Shooting" and "The Country House."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Captain James Hart, who died recently at Coquimbo, was a native of Durham, and in the course of an adventurous career had saved, by personal acts of bravery, more than fifty lives. The rescues made by Captain Hart cover a wide field; for instance, apart from the multitude of cases in which he saved the lives of individuals, he, on May 28th, 1882, saved two lighters containing Chilean troops from being capsized in Callao Bay. During the embarkation of two lighter loads of troops the two lines fouled in the screw of the tug, and the craft were in imminent danger of being capsized. The occurrence was witnessed by Captain Hart, who, without a moment's hesitation, jumped into the water, swam to the tug, dived, and cleared the screw, and thus prevented a catastrophe.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Leblanc, Valparaíso.

Mr. Joseph Stevens, who has just died at his residence at Reading, was a diligent and distinguished geologist and antiquary. Born in 1818, he entered Millers' Hospital in 1841 as a student at the medical school, became M.R.C.S. in 1843, and L.S.A. and Ext. L.R.C.P. in the following year. In 1879, after spending the whole of his professional life in the village of St. Mary Bourne, he retired, to devote his time exclusively to scientific pursuits. He discovered paleolithic implements in the Reading drift gravels, and his collections of these, of neolithic implements, and of

Mr. Thomas Ellis, M.P. for Merionethshire, Chief Whip of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, who died last week at Cannes, was born on February 16, 1859. Mr. Ellis was thus only forty years of age, but he had already spent thirteen years in the House of Commons. He was the eldest son of a tenant farmer of Merioneth, and was educated at Bala Grammar School and University College, Aberystwyth. For some time he acted as private secretary to Mr. Brunner, M.P., who took a strong interest in his career. He proceeded to New College, and took his M.A. in that University. An extremely fluent speaker in his native tongue, he early gained much influence with his countrymen at public meetings, and soon became prominently connected with the Welsh education movement, the land agitation, and Dis-establishment. In 1892 he was rewarded for his services by being made a Junior Lord of the Treasury and Assistant-Whip, and in March, 1894, was selected to fill the post of Chief Whip of the party in succession to Mr. Marjoribanks, now Lord Tweedmouth, with influential Treasury patronage. Only last year he married Miss Davies, of Cwrtmawr, Cardiganshire. He was taken seriously ill almost immediately afterwards, and never thoroughly regained health, though he seemed to derive considerable benefit from a tour in Egypt with his wife. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and an immense crowd testified to the strong hold which he had obtained over the hearts of those who dwell in the Principality. A Memorial Service was held simultaneously at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at which the chiefs of the Liberal Party were present.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lafayette.





SKULLS FOUND IN SAMORY'S OLD CAMP AT BUNTUKU

Under these trees twenty or thirty thousand victims have been slain  
A CELEBRATED SEPULCHRE OF ASHANTI KINGS

A FAIR ANGLER



AN AL FRESCO TOILET



A FETISH TEMPLE



A CLOTH WEAVER AT AGBOSOMÉ

IN THE LAND OF BLOOD AND GOLD (PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. A. McCANN)





"Graham hears with horror the people shouting on the ways, 'Ostrag has ordered the Black Police to London!'"

# WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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## CHAPTER XXI. THE UNDER SIDE

From the Middle Class Quarter they presently passed by the ways into a remote quarter of the city, where the bulk of manufactures was done. On their way the platforms crossed the river twice, and passed in a broad viaduct across one of the canals that entered the city from the North. In both cases his vision was swift and in both very vivid. The river was a wrinkled glitter of black water, over-arched by buildings, and leading either way into a blackness starred with receding lights. A line of black barges passed seaward, manned by blue-clad men. The road was a long and very broad and high tunnel along which the great wheel-machines drove noiselessly and swiftly. Here, the distinctive blue of the Labour Company was in abundance. The smoothness of the double tracks, the largeness and the lightness of the big pneumatic wheels in proportion to the vehicular mass struck Graham most vividly. One lank and very high-backed carriage with longitudinal metallic rods hung with the carcasses of hundreds of sheep arrested his attention unduly. Abruptly the archway cut and blotted out the picture.

Presently they left the way and descended by a lift and traversed a passage that sloped downward, and so came to a descending lift again. The appearance of things changed. Even the pretence of architectural ornament disappeared, the lights diminished in number and size, as the factory quarters were reached. And in the dusty and smoky place of the potters, among the felspar mills, in the furnace rooms of the metal workers, among the incandescent lakes of crude Eadhamite, the blue canvas clothing was on men, women, and children. Many of these great and dusty galleries were silent avenues of machinery, endless ashen furnaces testified to the revolutionary change, but wherever there was work it was being done by dislocation, but wherever there was work it was being done by slow-moving workers in blue canvas. The only people not in blue canvas were the overlookers of the work-places and the orange-clad Labour Police. And fresh from the flushed faces of the dancing halls, the voluntary vigours of the business quarters, Graham could note the pinched faces, the feeble muscles, and the weary eyes of many of the latter-day workers. Such as he saw at work were noticeably inferior in physique to the few gaily dressed managers and forewomen who were directing their labours. The burly labourers of the old Victorian times had followed the horse and all such living force producers to extinction; the place

of his costly muscles was taken by some dexterous machine. The latter-day labourer, male as well as female, was essentially a machine minder and feeder, a servant and attendant, or an artist—under direction. The women, in comparison with those Graham remembered, were as a class distinctly plain and flat-chested. Two hundred years of emancipation from the moral restraints of Puritanical religion, two hundred years of city life, had done their work in eliminating the strain of feminine beauty and vigour from the blue canvas myriads. To be brilliant physically or mentally, to be in any way attractive or exceptional, had been and was still a certain way of emancipation to the drudge, a line of escape to the Pleasure City and its splendours and delights, and at last to the Euthanasia and peace. In the young cities of his former life, the newly aggregated labouring mass had been a diverse multitude, still stirred by the tradition of personal honour and a high morality; now it was differentiating into a distinct class, with a physical difference of its own—even with a dialect of its own. They penetrated downwards towards the working places. Presently they passed underneath one of the streets of the moving ways, and saw its platforms running on their rails far overhead, and chinks of white light between the transverse slits. The factories that were not working were sparsely lighted; to Graham they and their



shrouded aisles of giant machines seemed plunged in gloom, and even where work was going on the illumination was far less brilliant than upon the public ways.

Beyond the blazing lakes of Eadhamite he came to the warren of the jewellers, and, with some difficulty and by using his signature, obtained admission to these galleries. They were high and dark, and rather cold. In the first men were making ornaments of gold filigree, each man at a little bench by himself, and with a little shaded light. The long vista of light patches, with the nimble fingers brightly lit and moving among the gleaming yellow coils, and the intent face, like the face of a ghost, in each shadow, had the oddest effect. The work was beautifully executed, but without any strength of modelling or drawing, for the most part intricate grotesques or the ringing of the changes on a geometrical motif. These workers wore a peculiar white uniform without pockets or sleeves. They assumed this on coming to work, but at night they were stripped and examined before they left the premises of the company. In spite of every precaution, the Labour policeman told them in a depressed tone, the company was not infrequently robbed.

Beyond was a gallery of women busied in cutting and setting slabs of artificial ruby, and next these were men and women busied together upon the slabs of copper net that formed the basis of *cloisonné* tiles. Many of these workers had lips and nostrils a livid white, due to a disease caused by a peculiar purple enamel that chanced to be much in fashion. Asano apologised to Graham for the offence of their faces, but excused himself on the score of the convenience of this route. "This is what I wanted to see," said Graham; "this is what I wanted to see," trying to avoid a start at a particularly striking disfigurement that suddenly stared him in the face.

They continued along one of the lower galleries of this *cloisonné* factory, and came to a little bridge that spanned a vault. Looking over the parapet, Graham saw that beneath was a wharf under tremendous archings, archings like those of a Gargantuan cellar. Three barges, smothered in floury dust, were being unloaded of their cargoes of powdered felspar by a multitude of coughing men, each guiding a little truck; the dust filled the place with a choking mist, and turned the electric glare yellow. The vague shadows of these workers gesticulated about their feet, and rushed to and fro against a long stretch of whitewashed wall. A shadowy, huge mass of masonry rising out of the inky water, brought to Graham's mind the thought of the multitude of ways and galleries and lifts, that rose floor above floor overhead between him and the sky. The men worked in silence under the supervision of two of the Labour Police; their feet made a hollow thunder on the planks along which they went to and fro. And as he looked at this scene, some voice hidden in the darkness began to sing.

"Stop that!" shouted one of the policemen, but the order was disobeyed, and first one and then all the white-stained men who were working there had taken up the beating refrain, singing it defiantly, the Song of the Revolt. The feet upon the planks thundered now to the rhythm of the song, tramp, tramp, tramp. The policeman who had shouted glanced at his fellow, and Graham saw him shrug his shoulders. He made no further effort to stop the singing.

And so they went through these factories and places of toil, seeing many painful and grim things. But why should the gentle reader be depressed? Surely to a refined mind our present world is distressing enough without bethinking ourselves about the miseries to come. That walk left on Graham's mind a maze of memories, fluctuating pictures of swathed halls, and crowded vaults seen through clouds of dust, of intricate machines, the racing threads of looms, the heavy beat of stamping machinery, the roar and rattle of belt and armature, of ill-lit subterranean aisles of sleeping places, illimitable vistas of pin-point lights. And here the smell of tanning, and here the reek of a brewery. And everywhere were pillars and cross archings of such a massiveness as Graham had never before seen, thick Titans of greasy shining brickwork crushed beneath the vast weight of that complex city world, even as these anæmic millions were crushed by its complexity. And everywhere were pale features, lean limbs, disfigurement and degradation.

Once and again, and again a third time, Graham heard the song of the revolt during his long unpleasant research in these places, and once he saw a confused struggle down a passage, and learnt that a number of these serfs had seized their bread before their work was done. Graham was ascending towards the ways again when he saw a number of blue-clad children running down a transverse passage, and presently perceived the reason of their panic in a company of the Labour Police armed with clubs, trotting towards some unknown disturbance. And then came a remote disorder. But for the most part this remnant that worked hopelessly. All the spirit that was left in fallen humanity was above in the streets that night, calling for the Master, and valiantly and noisily keeping its arms.

They emerged from these wanderings and stood blinking in the bright light of the middle passage of the platforms again. They became aware of the remote hooting and yelping of the machines of one of the General Intelligence Offices, and suddenly came men running, and along the platforms and about the ways everywhere was a shouting and crying. "What has happened now?" said Graham puzzled, for he could not understand their thick speech. But the thing that everyone was shouting, that men yelled to one another, that women took up screaming, that was passing like the first breeze of a thunderstorm, chill and sudden through the city, was this: "Ostrog has ordered the Black Police to London. The Black Police are coming from South Africa. The Master is to be guarded by the Black Police." Asano hesitated, came to some swift decision, and told him the thing they cried.

Graham heard someone shouting, "Stop all work! Stop all work!" and a swarthy hunchback, ridiculously gay in green and gold, came leaping down the platforms towards him, bawling again and again in good English, "This is Ostrog's doing, Ostrog, the Knave! The Master is betrayed."

For a moment Graham stood still, for it came upon him that these things were a dream. He looked up at the great cliff of buildings on either side, vanishing into blue haze at last above the lights, and down to the roaring tiers of platforms, and the shouting, running people who were gesticulating past. "The Master is betrayed!" they cried. "The Master is betrayed!" Suddenly the situation shaped itself in his mind; Ostrog had disobeyed. His heart began to beat fast and strong.

"It has come," he said. "I might have known. The hour has come."

He looked at Asano in sudden doubt. "I did not know," said Asano simply; "or I would have told you. For I am on your side, Master, and not on Ostrog's. I have made my choice. I am on your side."

Graham thought swiftly. "If you are against me—" he said, and left the sentence unfinished. "What am I to do?"

"Go back to the Council House," said Asano.

"Why not appeal—?" The people are here."

"You will lose time. They will doubt if it is you. But they will mass about the Council House. There you will find their leaders. Your strength is there—with them."

"Suppose this is only a rumour?"

"It sounds true," said Asano.

"Let us have the facts," asked Graham.

Asano shrugged his shoulders. "We had better get towards the Council House," he cried. "That is where they will swarm. Even now the ruins may be impassable."

They went up the stepped platforms to the swifter one, and there Asano accosted a labourer. The answers to his questions were in the thick vulgar speech.

"What did he say?" asked Graham.

"He knows little, but he told me that the Black Police would have arrived here before the people knew—had not someone in the Wind-Vane Offices learnt. He said a girl."

"A girl? Not—?"

"He said a girl. Who came out from the Council House crying aloud, and told the men at work among the ruins."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### IN THE ATLAS CHAMBER

As Asano and Graham hurried along the ways to the ruins about the Council House, they saw everywhere the excitement of the people rising. Everywhere men and women in blue were hurrying from unknown subterranean employments, up the staircases of the middle path; at one place Graham saw an arsenal of the revolutionary committee besieged by a crowd of shouting men, at another a couple of men in the hated yellow uniform of the Labour Police, pursued by a gathering crowd, fled precipitately along the swift way that went in the opposite direction.

The cries of "No niggers!" "Curse the niggers!" and "The Master is betrayed!" became at last a continuous shouting as they drew near the Government quarter. Many of the shouts were unintelligible. "Ostrog has betrayed us!" one man bawled in a hoarse voice, again and again, dinning that refrain into Graham's ear until it haunted him. This person stayed close beside Graham and Asano on the swift way, shouting to the people who swarmed on the lower platforms as he rushed past them. Presently he went leaping down and disappeared.

The way to the Council House across the ruins was impassable, but Asano met that difficulty and took Graham into the premises of the central post office. The post office was nominally at work, but the blue-clothed porters moved sluggishly or had stopped to stare through the arches of their galleries at the shouting men who were going by outside. Here, by Asano's advice, Graham revealed his identity. They crossed at once to the Council House by a cable cradle. Already, in the brief interval since the capitulation of the Councilors a great change had been wrought in the appearance of the ruins. The spurring cascades of the ruptured water-mains had been captured and tamed, and huge temporary pipes ran overhead along a flimsy-looking fabric of girders. The sky was laced with the cables and wires that served the Council House, and a mass of new fabric, with great cranes and other building machines going to and fro upon it, projected to the left of the white pile.

The moving ways that ran across this area had been restored, albeit for once running under the open sky. These were the ways that Graham had seen from the little balcony in the hour of his awakening, not nine days since, and the hall of his Trance had been on the further side where shapeless piles of smashed and shattered masonry were now heaped together.

It was already high day and the sun was shining brightly. Out of their tall caverns of blue electric light came the swift ways, crowded with multitudes of people who poured off them and gathered ever denser over the wreckage and confusion of the ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central building. For the most part that shouting blue mass consisted of shapeless swarms, but here and there Graham could see that a rude discipline struggled to establish itself.

The cable carried them into a hall which Graham recognised as the ante-chamber to the Hall of the Atlas, about the gallery of which he had walked days ago with Howard to show himself to the vanished Council, an hour from his awakening. Now the place was empty except for two cable attendants who seemed hugely astonished to recognise the Sleeper in the man who swung down from the cross seat. "Where is Helen Wotton?" he demanded. "Where is Helen Wotton?" They did not know. "Then where is Ostrog? I must see Ostrog forthwith. He has disobeyed me. I have come back to take things out of his hands." Without waiting for Asano, he went straight across the place, ascended the steps at the further end, and, pulling the curtain aside, found himself facing the white Titan.

The hall was empty. Its appearance had changed very greatly since his first sight of it. It had suffered serious injury in the violent struggle of the first outbreak. On the right-hand side of the great figure the upper half of the wall had been torn away for nearly two hundred feet of its length, and a sheet of the same glassy green film that had enclosed Graham at his awakening had been drawn across the gap. This deadened but did not altogether exclude the roar of the people outside. Through it there were visible the beams and supports of metal scaffoldings that rose and fell according to the requirements of a great crowd of workmen. A dexterous, loud-hissing building machine, with lank arms of red painted metal that caught the still plastic blocks of mineral paste and swung them neatly into position, moved at intervals across this green-tinted picture. For a moment he stood regarding these things, and Asano overtook him.

"Ostrog," said Asano, "will be in the small offices beyond

there." They had scarcely advanced ten paces from the curtain before a little panel to the left of the Atlas rolled up, and Ostrog, accompanied by Lincoln and followed by two black and yellow attendants, appeared crossing the remote corner of the hall. A second panel that was raised and open. "Ostrog," said Graham, and at the sound of his voice the little party started. Ostrog said something to Lincoln and advanced alone.

Graham was the first to speak. "What is this I hear?" he asked. "Are you bringing negroes here—to keep the people down?"

"It is none too soon," said Ostrog. "They have been coming out of hand more and more, since the revolt. I underestimated—"

"Do you mean that these negroes are on the way?"

"They may be starting now. As it is, you have seen the people—outside?"

"No wonder! But—after what was said. You have seen too much on yourself, Ostrog."

Ostrog said nothing.

"These negroes must not come to London," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln, who at once came towards them, with his two attendants close behind him. Asano drew close to Graham. "Why not?" asked Ostrog.

"White men must be mastered by white men."

"The negroes are only an instrument."

"But that is not the question. I am the Master. I mean to be the Master. And I say these negroes shall not come."

"The people—"

"I believe in the people."

"Because you are an anachronism. You are a man out of the Past—an accident. You are Owner perhaps of half the property in the world. But you are not Master. You do not know enough to be Master."

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln again. "I know now what you think—I can guess something of what you mean to do. Even now it is not too late to warn you. You dream of human equality—of a socialistic order—you have all those worn out dreams of the nineteenth century fresh and vivid in your mind, and you would rule this age that you do not understand."

"Listen!" said Graham. "You can hear it—a sound like the sea. Not voices—but a voice. Do you altogether understand?"

"We taught them that song," said Ostrog.

"Perhaps. Can you teach them to forget it? But enough of this! These negroes must not come."

There was a pause, and Ostrog looked him in the eyes.

"They will," he said.

"I forbid it," said Graham.

"No," said Ostrog. "Sorry as I am to follow the method of the Council—for your own good—you must not side with—Disorder."

Lincoln laid his hand on Graham's shoulder.

Then Asano had stepped forward and thrown Lincoln's arm aside. Something flashed, and Graham saw this something was a razor like blade, fantastically engraved, that the little Japanese had drawn. Lincoln recoiled, the attendants seemed to hesitate.

"Go back!" said Asano very quickly to Graham. "Go back. You are in his hands here. Get back to the people."

For a moment Graham did not understand. Then he saw Ostrog's face. "Look!" he said, and Asano half turned as Ostrog gripped the wrist and throat of the Japanese.

Graham suddenly understood Asano. He turned towards the curtains that separated the hall from the ante-chamber. The clutching hand of one of the black and yellow attendants intervened. In another moment Lincoln had grasped his cloak. He turned and struck at Lincoln's face, and incontinently an attendant had him by collar and arm. He wrenched himself away, his sleeve tore noisily, and he stumbled back, to be tripped by the other man. As he went down he saw Asano's knife descend on Ostrog's wrist, and then he was staring at the distant ceiling of the hall.

He rolled over, struggling fiercely, and suddenly one of the attendants shrieked and went down under Asano with the knife driving the blood before it through the side of the neck. The other attendant sprang to secure the blade, and Graham struggled to his feet.

Lincoln appeared before him, and went down heavily again with a blow under the point of the jaw. Graham made two stiles, stumbled. And then Ostrog's arm, dripping blood, was round his neck, he was pulled over backward, fell heavily, and his arm was pinned to the ground. After a few violent efforts he ceased to struggle and lay staring at Ostrog's heaving throat and wondering what had become of Asano.

"You—are—a prisoner," panted Ostrog.

Graham tried to see what had happened to Asano, and finding his head perceived through the irregular green window in the walls of the hall the men who had been working the building machines gesticulating excitedly to people unseen. A bullet smashed through the mouldings above the Atlas. The two sheets of translucent matter that had been stretched across this gap were rent, the torn aperture darkened, curved, ran rapidly towards the entrance, and in a moment the Council chamber stood open to the air. A chilly gust blew in by the gap, bringing with it a war of nerves from the ruinous spaces without, an elvish babblement, "The Master!" "What are they doing?" "The Master is better!"

And then he realised that Ostrog's attention was distracted. Ostrog's grip had relaxed, and, wrenching his arms free, he fell to his knees. In another moment he had thrust Ostrog to the ground and was on one foot, his hand gripping Ostrog's throat, and his hands clutching the silk about his neck.

But now men were coming towards them from beyond the wall, men whose intentions he misunderstood. He had a glimpse of someone running in the distance towards the curtains of the ante-chamber, and then Ostrog had slipped from him and these new men were upon him. They thrust and pulled him to his infinite amazement. They obeyed the shouts of Ostrog.

He was lugged a dozen yards before he realised that they were dragging him towards the open panel. When he saw this he flung back, he tried to fling himself down, he shouted for help with all his strength. There were answering cries.

The grip upon his neck relaxed, and behold! in the lower corner of the rent upon the wall, first one and then a number of pale black figures appeared shouting and waving arms. They came



leaping down from the gap into the light gallery that had led to the Silent Rooms. They ran along it, so near that Graham could see the weapons in their hands. Then Ostrog was shouting in his ear to the men who held him, and once more he was struggling with all his strength against their endeavours to thrust him towards the opening that yawned to receive him. "They can't come down," shouted Ostrog. "They daren't fire. It's all right. We'll save him from them yet."

In long minutes as it seemed to Graham that inglorious struggle continued. He flung himself down to gain time. His clothes were torn in a dozen places, he was covered in dust, one hand had been broken upon. He could hear the shouts of his supporters, and once he heard shots. He was dragged along the floor. He could feel his strength giving way, feel his efforts wild and useless. But no help came, and surely, irresistibly, that black, opening came nearer.

The pressure upon him relaxed, and he struggled up. He saw a grey head receding and perceived that he was no longer held. He turned about and came full into a man in black. One of the weapons cracked close to him, a drift of pungent smoke came to his face, and a steel blade flashed. He saw a man in pale blue clothing one of the black and yellow attendants not three yards from his face. Then hands were upon him again. He was being carried in two directions now. It seemed as though people were doing indistinguishable things to him. Someone was clutching at his thighs, he was being hoisted in spite of his earnest efforts. He understood suddenly, he ceased to struggle. He was lifted up by two men's shoulders and carried away from that devouring panel. A thousand throats were cheering.

He saw men in blue and black hurrying towards this—and firing at the retreating Ostrogites. Lifted up, he saw now across the wide expanse of the hall beneath the Atlas image, saw that he was being carried towards the raised platform in the centre of the place. The far end of the hall was already full of people running towards him. They were looking at him and cheering.

He became aware that a sort of bodyguard surrounded him. Active men about him shouted vague orders. He saw close at hand the black-moustached man in yellow who had been among those who had greeted him in the public theatre, shouting directions. The hall was already densely packed with swaying people, the little metal gallery sagged with a shouting load, the curtains at the end had been torn away, and the ante-chamber was revealed densely crowded. He could scarcely make the man near him hear for the tumult all about them. "Where is Ostrog?" he asked.

The man he questioned pointed over the heads towards the lower panels about the hall on the side opposite the gap. They stood open and armed men were running through them and vanishing into the chambers and passages beyond. It seemed to Graham that a sound of firing drifted through the riot. He was carried in a staggering curve across the great hall towards an opening beneath the gap.

He perceived men working with a sort of rude discipline to keep the crowd off him, to make a space clear about him. He passed out of the hall, and saw a crude, new wall rising blankly before him topped by blue sky. He was swung down to his feet; someone gripped his arm and guided him. He found the man in yellow close at hand. They were taking him up a narrow stairway of brick, and close at hand rose the great red painted masses, the cranes and levers and the throbbing engines of the now inactive building machine.

He was at the top of the steps. He was hurried across a narrow raised footway, and suddenly with a vast shouting the amphitheatre of ruins opened again before him. "The Master is with us! The Master! The Master!" The shout swept athwart the lake of faces like a wave, broke against the distant cliff of ruins, and came back in a welter of cries. "The Master is on our side!"

(To be continued)

## Talking With the Post Office

His Majesty's Postmaster-General, like many humbler persons, says *The Golden Penny*, is favoured with a vast number of applications more or less unreasonable in their character. Sometimes it happens that enterprising builders, who have run up a few shops or offices on some desolate plot of land, send up a petition for a post office to be established, believing that an impetus will thus be given to business enterprise in the locality; and it is rather a difficult matter at headquarters to judge of the *bonâ fide* character of such applications. Some little time ago a letter was received from a district in the wildest part of Wales, setting forth the inadequacy of the postal arrangements in the neighbourhood, and asking that an officer might be sent down to make provision for better service. An officer was duly sent down, and was cordially and kindly received by the gentleman from whose house the letter had been sent, but who seemed, for his own part, perfectly satisfied with the existing arrangements. The officer was invited to stay the night, which he was by no means loth to do, and that the house was nine miles distant from the nearest railway station, and that the train service was none of the fastest. But when next day came the gentleman was equally apathetic as to the postal arrangements. He begged—and his invitation was supported by his wife, his son, and his daughter—that the official would stay a week, and explore the neighbourhood. He must visit the slate quarries, he must climb to the summit of the nearest mountain, he must go to a little fishing, and so forth. The official regretted that his time was pressing, and begged the gentleman to state precisely his objections with regard to the postal service. The gentleman hesitated, with some hesitation, that he had no actual grievance, but his son and daughter, needing a little diversion, concocted the letter to the Postmaster-General, and speculated as to whether it would receive any attention or not, never dreaming that it would give them the pleasure of a visitor! We cannot state what reply was rendered by the official to the heads of his department, but no doubt he entered into the spirit of the thing, and was able to show (on paper) that his time had not been altogether wasted.

## In the Land of Gold and Blood

By P. A. McCANN

STRANGELY enough, although the Gold Coast has the most historical associations, and has been in touch with civilised people for over five centuries, yet to the bulk of the English people it is a *terra incognita*. Although much has been done by the Government to improve and civilise the people, yet with the exception of the three or four important coast towns, the condition of life in the bulk of the villages bordering the seaboard is as primitive as in the days of the Dutch, when Bosman wrote, nearly two centuries ago. Land being held in common, every man is his own master, and although individuals exist with the titles of chiefs, the allegiance rendered to these is but shadowy. After all, when one comes to think of it, civilisation has few benefits to offer these children of nature; they have no rent or taxes to pay, and, in addition to the sea teeming with fish, the land produces in abundance without labour, or, at least, so little of it, that it is not worth designating with the term; and what can man want more? Although missionary influence has been at work since 1751, this has not extended far from the chief port towns, and the mass of the people still cling to their old fetish beliefs and customs.

A characteristic feature of the villages studding the seaboard are the stately groves of cocoanut palms, amid which the huts of the natives lie embosomed, and, under the shade of these, at the entrance to each village, the fetish temples are conspicuous objects.

One of our illustrations shows one of these temples at the village of Awuna, near Quitta. It is constructed of poles placed in the ground in a circular form and then tied together at the top and thatched; inside there is a raised platform of sticks, and upon this there is a rude representation of a man's figure modelled in clay, and over this is plastered a paste made of red ochre and eggs. It shelters, according to native belief, the tutelary deity of the village and people, and under his benign influence sickness, ill-luck, and disaster are averted and kept away from the people.

A half-day's journey behind Quitta, is situated Agbosomé, the capital of the Soma people. Although a rather refractory tribe, they are very industrious, and noted amongst all the coast tribes for the fine and durable quality of the cloth they weave.

Another illustration represents a Soma weaver at his loom. The warp is about three inches in width, and when a number of lengths are woven, they are placed side by side and sewn together, to make a garment of whatever width is required. The two sets of warp threads are alternately raised and depressed between each throw of the shuttle, by a treadle arrangement fitting between the large and second toe of each foot, and after the shuttle is thrown through with the weft, the latter is beaten up by a swinging grating made of bamboo.

Amongst the rivers of the Gold Coast, the Ancobra is a prominent one, and the main highway for the trade of the port of Axim. Its navigable limit for launches is about thirty-five miles in the dry season, but boats can get up for another twenty-five miles beyond this, to a place called Butaboy. In the wet season, when the river is in flood, launches can ascend it for about 110 miles, to a place called Broomassie.

Canoeing up the river upon one occasion, the men were paddling gaily along, when, rounding a bluff point, jutting out into the stream, we emerged into a very picturesque reach, where, to my surprise, I saw a girl quietly angling amongst some rock boulders. It is not often that native women catch fish in this manner, their usual method being to trap them in baskets at places where backwaters form. Stopping the canoe and going ashore, I exposed a plate on the angler and her surroundings, and the accompanying photograph shows the result I obtained with the camera. Upon another occasion, stopping at a village to purchase some vegetables, the canoe grounded on the sandy beach amongst a bevy of comely girls who were gleefully splashing and rollicking about in the water with the sun glinting upon their glossy skins. Going ashore to stretch my limbs a bit while the cook went up to the village to make his purchases, I came across another pictorial subject for the camera. A girl had just finished her ablutions and was taking her toilet for the day, had ingeniously fixed on a stump of a tree to act as her dressing-table; on the top were her toilet requisites, and from a jagged projection she had hung a mirror, in front of which she was seated and deftly doing up her hair. She made a beautiful picture as she sat there, her glossy bronze-coloured skin shining in the sun in rich contrast to the lovely green of the foliage forming the background. The notorious fetish grove of the Ashanti Kings is situated about a mile outside Kumassi. The grove is composed of stately banyan trees, the beautiful foliage of which overhang a large space and give the place a marked appearance. Up to the time of the last British expedition the grove was palisaded around and contained the fetish temple and mausoleum of the Ashanti Kings, and was, moreover, the depository for the State ornaments and treasures attached to the Royal Stool (or throne). Under one of the trees a large brass bowl was kept constantly filled with human blood to propitiate and appease the fetish god. As the contents of the bowl dried up fresh victims were killed to replenish and keep it full. It was customary for the Kings of Ashanti to visit the mausoleum every forty days for the purpose of paying their respects to the shades of their ancestors. It is estimated that no less than 25,000 human beings have been immolated in this grove during the reign of the Ashanti Kings.

During the last expedition the mausoleum and fetish temple were destroyed, and nothing now remains but the stately trees to commemorate its gruesome history.

Fifteen days' journey to the north-west of Kumassi lies the interesting old city of Buntuku, which some time back was invested by the marauding Chief Samory. Infuriated at the long and desperate resistance made by its inhabitants, Samory barbarously butchered all the prisoners he captured during the siege. The bodies of these were simply thrown outside the camp, no attempt whatever being made to bury them. When the late Sir W. E. Maxwell formed his camp outside Buntuku, the fatigue parties, when clearing the bush, found it littered in all directions with human skeletons. Being busy exploring the city, a great number of these were buried before I had an opportunity of taking the photograph, which shows but a few of these ghastly remains.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT has often been a matter of wonder to me that millionaires who wish to be known for something else than their money do not turn their attention to open spaces. I am inclined to think that if instead of building houses, they pulled them down, they would be more affectionately remembered by posterity. Baron Grant did good work in this way by converting the howling wilderness in the middle of Leicester Square into a well-ordered garden, which is thoroughly valued by the public. If it had fewer statues and more trees it would probably be still more appreciated. He also did excellent work in demolishing some of the worst slums in Kensington and utilising the site for gardens surrounding his own residence. These grounds, when he gave them up, should have been secured for ever for Kensington—at one time a delightful quarter, but now being sadly overcrowded and overshadowed by Brobdingnagian buildings. One can scarcely imagine a more pleasant occupation than finding some vile slum in the most thickly populated part of London, or a collection of unhealthy, ramshackle, jerry-built houses, and buying the lot, pulling them all down and converting the site into a garden well planted with trees. Such spots would pleasantly commemorate the name of the donor for ever.

When the buildings by Doctor's Commons on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard were pulled down some few years ago, I pointed out that you could then get such a view of the Cathedral that had not been seen for many many years. If you visit the neighbourhood at the present moment, you may find the demolition of houses at the north-east corner of the churchyard discloses another superb prospect of St. Paul's, almost equal to that to which I called attention previously. On that occasion, I earnestly pleaded for the open space being preserved. But, of course, it was not. Equally, of course, the present opportunity will be neglected for commencing the great work of setting back the houses on the north side, and this fine view will be speedily blocked out by the erection of gigantic mansions. We want that millionaire with a hankering after open spaces, but till he arrives I fear it is useless to plead for an uninterrupted view of St. Paul's or anything else in London.

Walking down the Haymarket the other day I paused and looked into that delightful old bow-windowed shop—it is well-nigh the last of the old world shop-fronts left in London, and ought to be photographed before Demon Improvement sweeps it away. I saw exposed therein a large, boldly printed placard headed "Influenza." I carefully read this through with considerable interest, and found that it spoke of various remedies for this irrepressible malady. Amongst them were enumerated oranges, camphor, ammoniated quinine, smoking, wearing sulphur in your shoes, good living, generous vintages, and finally the old-fashioned custom of taking snuff. I read this through with a great deal of interest, and commended the writer for his infinite knowledge of popular prophylactics. And yet the matter as well as the manner of the placard seemed to be in some unaccountable manner familiar. It was only when I came to the end of the story, however, that I discovered it was my own writing in this column as long ago as 1891. I wonder whether the keepers of this shop have brought out a choice "Bystander's Mixture," and if it has been serviceable in mitigating the epidemic? Certainly one sees a great deal more snuff-taking nowadays than one did twenty years ago.

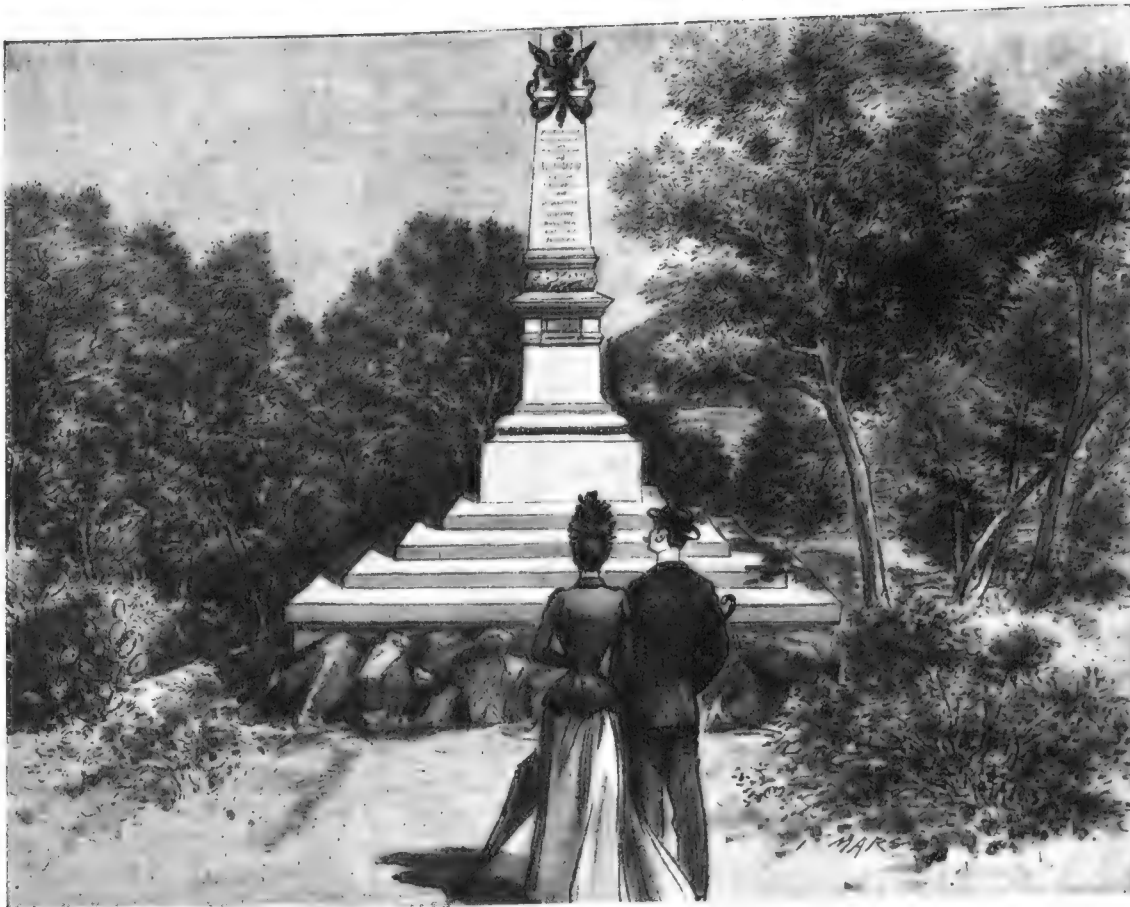
Being a constant user of four-wheel cabs, I should just like to say a word on behalf of their drivers. Why, may I ask, are they expected to get down from their box and open the door, when the driver of the hansom, or the electricab, never dreams of doing anything of the kind? No driver of any vehicle ought to leave his box, and there is really no more occasion for the first named to do so than there is for the two last. I frequently tell the driver of a growler to refrain from such a work of supererogation. Some of the doors of these vehicles have the most awkward and irritating of fastenings, but if the cabs were all furnished with well-organised handles that could be used from the inside as well as the out, every passenger would be able to manage for himself. I am glad to be able to notice a steady improvement in the four-wheeler. Some of them are all that can be desired, the only thing is we want more of them. The number of unemployed hansom drivers that pass you while you are waiting for a growler, clearly demonstrate that the latter class is not so strongly represented in London cabdom as it ought to be.

If a man has his house removed by the railway or his business injured by its too close proximity he gets compensation; that is to say he gets a sum of money that rarely if ever repays him for the expense and trouble he has been compelled to endure. If he is only threatened with removal by railway, as far as I can ascertain he receives nothing whatever. Now a friend of mine has three or four times within the last two years been served with notices from projected railways. It is true all these schemes have come to naught, but my friend has been well-nigh worried out of his life notwithstanding. He has had the peace of his home disturbed by the prospect of his having to break it up, he has had to go about looking at likely houses in case of his being turned out, he has had to trouble himself with all sorts of new arrangements, and he receives no compensation. He certainly deserves to receive a very large sum for frivolous disturbance of equanimity, mental worry, and unnecessary interference with private plans. I heard of a man who, in consequence of his house being threatened by the railway, got married, and the affair turned out so badly that he is now longing for a divorce. After all the railway was never made, and it seems to me that he has substantial grounds for an action for heavy damages against the railway company. I own I should like to see a case of this kind tried.



## A Memorial to the Late Empress of Austria

CAP MARTIN, near Mentone, was for four consecutive years (1894 to 1897) the favourite winter resort of the late Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary, so tragically assassinated at Geneva in the last summer. The Empress used to occupy the west wing of the Cap Martin Hotel, and the Emperor Francis Joseph never failed to come and spend a few weeks with his consort during the spring months of the season. The Empress's beautiful yacht *Miramar* was always anchored in the eastern bay between the Cap and Mentone. At Cap Martin the Empress Eugénie was the late Empress's close neighbour, and both *grandes dames* used to be seen together almost daily, with also the Duchess of Parma. After the tragic event the idea at once arose of a commemorative monument to be erected by public subscription. This monument has now been placed in a beautiful position between the blue sea and the hotel garden. It was designed and erected by the architect, M. G.



THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT CAP MARTIN  
DRAWN BY "MARS"

Tersling, and is of stone, with bronze decorative emblems. It bears two inscriptions. The one is as follows:—

EN SOUVENIR  
DU  
SEJOUR AU CAP MARTIN  
DE  
S. M. ELISABETH,  
IMPERATRICE  
D'AUTRICHE  
ET  
REINE DE HONGRIE  
MDCCCXCIV.  
MDCCCXCV.  
MDCCCXCVI.  
MDCCCXCVII.

The other is in verse, by Countess G. de Montgomery. It owns a beautiful villa at Cap Martin at a short distance from the monument.

Nous avons élevé ce tronc  
Jubilique,  
O Reine Elisabeth, car vous avez  
soit,  
A venir respirer la senteur du levant,  
Et parmi les rochers, près d'ici,  
asseoir.

Daignez donc de ce lois être la p  
trice:  
Les faits, autrefois, appartenant  
dieux;  
Et nous vous reverrons au séjour  
Car mon cœur ne croit pas aux étern  
adieux.

This monument was unveiled on April 6, by the Bishop of Nice, before representatives of the Austro-Hungarian, French and other Governments.



A NEW POLO GROUND FOR LONDONERS: A MATCH AT THE WIMBLEDON PARK POLO CLUB

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG





DRAWN BY G. F. JACOMB-HOOD

There are very few visitors to Cairo who do not go again and again to the Ghizeh Palace to inspect the wonders collected within its four walls, for it is acknowledged to be one of the most interesting museums in the world. To some ladies, however, the place is a little experience in

examining the treasures of the place is not unavailing for the mummies lying stark and snail in their cases are gruesome in the extreme, and are covered, say, much divided by those who possess particularly nervous temperaments. Some ladies of untroubled natures, when near these

THE SEASON IN CAIRO: FAIR VISITORS AND THE MUMMIES IN THE GHIZEH MUSEUM

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR NOTT  
caves, are warned by their friends, then closely covering their eyes with their hands, they are led past. On the other hand, many visitors take delight in pointing out these nightmare-producing relics of ancient Kings and priests to the ladies in their party



# THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—I.

## The Archbishops of Canterbury

By THE VERY REVEREND F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., DEAN OF CANTERBURY

EVEN so cursory a glance at the Primates of all England during this century as can alone be given in this brief paper, will serve to show how great is the advance which the Church of England

holding four or five pieces of preferment at the same time, to the real duties of which he could not possibly attend. For instance, among Dr. Moore's predecessors as Deans of Canterbury was Dr. Syddall, Bishop of Gloucester, who held the deanery with his bishopric; and among his successors was Dr. Bagot, who, even as far down as 1845, held the Premier Deanery of England with the Bishopric of Oxford. Dr. Moore was not a man of any distinction, either as a preacher, or thinker, or administrator; but memorable events marked the period of his Primacy. Foremost among these was the consecration of Bishop Seabury, on November 14, 1784, to be the first Bishop of the American Church. He was not consecrated by Archbishop Moore, nor at Lambeth, but by Scotch Bishops at Aberdeen. In 1787, however, Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, and Bishop Provost, of New York, were consecrated at Lambeth, as well as the first of our Colonial Bishops, Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia. It must be put down to the Archbishop's credit that he warmly advocated Sunday Schools, which had been originated by Robert Raikes, the Gloucester printer, in 1781; but, "with provoking caution," he refused the request of Wilberforce to become a President of the new Church Missionary Society in 1799. He took some small and dignified part in philanthropic movements, but "his Archiepiscopate," says Mr. Abbey, "was far from being a notable one." Its characteristics mainly savoured of the eighteenth century, though there was some small evidence of a breath of life beginning to stir among the dry bones.

### ARCHBISHOP SUTTON

In the year 1805 Charles Manners Sutton, a grandson of the third Duke of Rutland, ascended the Archiepiscopal throne. In those days any member of a noble family who took holy orders was sure of early promotion, and by the time that he was thirty Dr. Manners Sutton was the holder of two family livings. At thirty-six he became Dean of Peterborough; at thirty-seven Bishop of Norwich; and at forty he was allowed to add to his Bishopric the Deanery of Windsor. He became a great favourite of George III.; and there is a story that, one day, when he was entertaining some friends at dinner, the butler came in to say that a gentleman particularly wanted to see him. He went out from the dinner party to find King George III. waiting in the hall, who immediately addressed him as "Your Grace." The Dean, demurred to the title; but the King said, "I have just heard the news of the death of Archbishop Moore, and I have at once come here to nominate you to the vacant Archiepiscopate, because I know that, to-morrow morning, my Ministers will come and want me to appoint someone else. I shall now be able to tell them that I have already promised the post to you." Pitt had, in fact, intended to nominate his old tutor, Bishop Tomline of Lincoln, but the little manoeuvre of the King prevented it. Manners Sutton was an amiable and conciliatory man, and kept up to the full the almost regal magnificence of which the example had been set by Laud, and continued by most of his successors. During his Primacy Addington—which has just been sold at the suggestion of Archbishop Temple—was purchased as a country house for the occupants of the See. The Archbishop was a High Churchman. He took a creditable part in promoting the interests of the S.P.C.K. He published nothing except two ordinary forgotten sermons. He died on July 21, 1828, and was buried at Addington. Many anecdotes are told which illustrate how very different was the ideal of Primates in those days from that at which their successors aim. It is said that once, when he was asked to preach on some special occasion, the answer sent by his secretary was that "the Archbishop only preached one sermon in the year, and that was enraged." On another occasion a well-known Churchman had taken off his hat when the Archbishop's carriage passed. "What are you doing?" asked his companions. "It is only the coachman." "I know" was the answer, "but he writes all the sermons!" *Jeu d'esprit* must not be taken too seriously, but they may serve as illustrations, just as the smallest straw on the surface may suffice to indicate the current of a stream.

### ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY

Manners Sutton was succeeded by William Howley, who was born in 1765. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and was chosen Regius Professor of Divinity in 1809. In 1813 he became Bishop of London, and in 1828 he was nominated the eighty-eighth Archbishop of Canterbury by the Duke of Wellington. He was a strong opponent of the Reform Bill of 1832, as also of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and the Jewish Civil Disabilities Relief Bill. As one way of meeting the outcry against the swollen wealth of the Church, he supported the foundation of the Ecclesiastical Commission. He crowned William IV. on June 26, 1830; and in 1837, two hours after midnight, accompanied by the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham), he started to convey to Queen Victoria at Kensington Palace the news of her accession to the Throne. He crowned the Queen on June 28, 1838, and married her to Prince Albert in February, 1840. He witnessed the rise of the Oxford or Tractarian movement, and to a great extent sympathised with it, though he took no overt steps in its favour. Owing to the general demand for Church Reform, the useful and important Acts for the abolishing of pluralities and non-residence, and for the Church Discipline Act, were passed—in both of which he concurred. He promoted the Colonial Bishops Fund, and the Colonial Bishops, who were only ten in number in 1840, have now risen to the number of a hundred. He also helped to found the Bishopric of Jerusalem. The Bishop was to be nominated alternately by the Sovereigns of Prussia and of England. Dr. Newman protested against the measure as an interference with the jurisdiction of the Patriarchs of the Eastern Church; and he says "it was one of the blows which broke me." The close of Dr. Howley's life was troubled by two controversies—the "Hampden Controversy" (1847) and the "Gorham Controversy" (1847). He was the last Archbishop who enjoyed the old princely revenues and maintained the ancient state. This work was practical and administrative, and he did something in support of religious education. He wrote nothing but a few charges and sermons of little or no importance.

One of his visits to Canterbury was marked by curious circumstances. At that time the Bishops were intensely hated by the mass of the people, because, with scarcely an exception, they had exercised the whole weight of their influence against the passing

\* "The English Church and the Bishops," ii., 208.

of the Reform Bill. During the height of their unpopularity the Archbishop, in 1831, came down to his Metropolitan City to perform some ecclesiastical duty. He was invited to sit at the



THE MOST REV. JOHN MOORE, D.D.  
1783-1805

has made in the energy and devotion with which she endeavours to discharge her sacred duties. We are at the present time passing through "a crisis;" and by a crisis is meant "a decisive moment; the point at which a disease kills, or changes for the better;" or "a point of time at which any affair comes to the height." An eminent statesman is reported to have said that "the Church of England has of late passed through a crisis about once in every twenty-five years." That the questions which are now agitating the minds of all who care for religion are questions of serious import I do not for a moment deny, nor that they require consummate wisdom to deal with them in the best manner. The vehement discussions which have found their way into the newspapers for the last six months, and the widespread movements to which those discussions have led, cannot but have a decisive effect on the future of our Church and nation. But, as we survey the fortunes of religious life in England during this century, and see that, in spite of the serious struggles through which we have passed, there has been, in many respects, a vast improvement in our moral and religious ideals, we may take courage and press onward, believing that the light from heaven still shines upon us, and that "God shows all things in the slow history of their ripening."

### ARCHBISHOP MOORE

During this century there have been eight occupants of the chair of St. Augustine. In the year 1800 John Moore was Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born in 1730. He became a Prebendary of Durham at thirty; Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, at thirty-three; and Dean of Canterbury at forty-one. Four years later he



THE MOST REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, D.D.  
1828-1848  
Painted by Owen. Engraved by H. Robinson

was consecrated Bishop of Bangor, and on the death of Archbishop Cornwallis in 1783 was promoted to the Primacy. He was a handsome man of very ordinary ability, and owed his rapid promotion to the Duke of Marlborough, in whose house he had been a tutor. He lived in an age when pluralities and nepotism were specially rampant. In his days, and indeed for centuries earlier, no clergyman's conscience had been in the slightest degree troubled by



THE MOST REV. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON  
1805-1828  
Engraved by T. Woolnough

Guildhall, but, when his carriage reached the door it was surrounded by a raging mob, who had been hooting their eminent visitor all along the street. A rush was made for the carriage, and it was the obvious intention of the mob to drag out the Archbishop and maltreat him. One or two Kentish gentlemen rallied to his defence, prevented the mob from forcing open the carriage door, and told the coachman to drive on, as it was clearly impossible for the Archbishop to get into the Guildhall with safety. The coachman whipped his horses and drove into Mercery Lane, intending to reach the Deanery, at which every Archbishop since the Reformation has been received, because the old Palace was burnt down in the days of Cranmer. The mob ran beside the carriage, pelting it with mud and stones, and flinging dead cats into it and spitting on the Primate's robes. As often as a dead cat came in, the chaplain threw it out. "Don't throw them out any more," said the Archbishop, with undisturbed equanimity. "Let them lie where they are; they will only throw them in again!" How the scene would have ended we cannot tell had not the coachman, by mistake, taken a wrong turn, and thus thwarted the calculations of the mob. As soon as he entered the Precincts of the Cathedral the gates were closed; but next morning the Archbishop could not even go in person to thank the gentleman who had protected his life, as it would not have been safe for him to be seen in the streets; the Dean, Dr. Bagot, had to go in his place. The excitement calmed down after the Reform Bill passed, and on his next visit to Canterbury the Primate was received with respect. An effigy was erected to him on the north side of the choir after his death in January, 1848. Though he was a Prelate of the old régime, after



THE MOST REV. JOHN BIRD SUMNER, D.D.  
1848-1862  
Engraved by D. J. Pound, from a Photograph by Mayall

dining at Lambeth on one of the grand days which then were usual, said of him, "He is rightly surrounded as Archbishop with all the pomp and grandeur of his high office, but like the children when they came out of the burning, fiery furnace, the smell of fire has not passed upon him, for, as a man, he is still humble and lowly-minded."



## ARCHBISHOP SUMNER

He was succeeded by John Bird Sumner, who was then sixty-eight. He had been educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. In 1802 he became an Assistant Master at Eton, and, in 1815, attracted attention by two books on "Apostolic Preaching" and "The Records of Creation." In 1818 he was appointed Rector of Mapledurham, and soon afterwards he published his "Evidences of Christianity" and "Sermons on Christian Faith and Character." After becoming Canon of Durham, he was nominated to the Bishopric of Chester by the Duke of Wellington in 1828, as a successor to Bishop Blomfield. At Chester he laboured well for twenty years, and inspired some life into the work



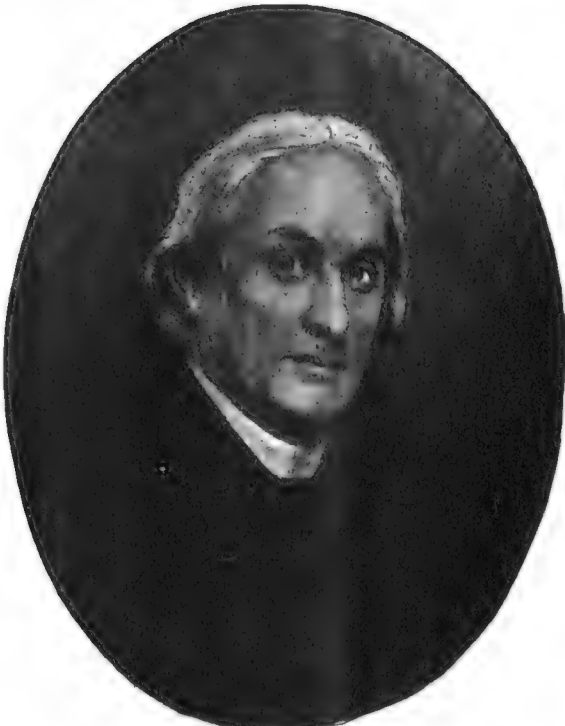
THE MOST REV. CHARLES THOMAS LONGLEY

1862-1868

Painted by H. P. Briggs, R.A. Engraved by Richard Smith

of a Church of which the luxury and worldliness had naturally accelerated the wide spread of Methodism. He was an Evangelical, and was the first to condemn the Oxford Tracts. He described the Tractarian movement as "the work of Satan," and spoke with unwonted vehemence against the High Churchmen, whom he described as "undermining the foundations of the Protestant Church," and "traducing the Reformation though they sat in the Reformers' seats." He acquiesced in the reversal of the Gorham Judgment by the Privy Council, and declared that Mr. Gorham's views were "not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England." This statement drew upon him the burning wrath, and almost excommunication, of Bishop Philpotts of Exeter, which he endured with his usual saintly calm. He was at first opposed to the revival of Convocation, though he afterwards acquiesced in it. In 1851 he denounced the new phase of Roman Episcopacy in England, and was in later years much troubled by the Ritual controversy in the St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, case. He lived to witness the heated discussions which followed the publication of "Essays and Reviews" in 1860.

He died on September 6, 1862, at the age of eighty-two. He had retained his vigour till the last, worked his diocese admirably, and, abandoning the state and splendour of his predecessors, used to travel about in the greatest simplicity with a single servant. In spite of the opposition aroused by his Evangelical opinions, he was universally beloved and honoured for the devotion and saintliness which he had displayed through life. His conception of what an



THE MOST REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON

1882-1896

Painted by Lance Calkin for The Graphic

Archbishop should be showed a marked advance beyond the serene and inactive worldliness of many who had preceded him.

## ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY

He was succeeded by Charles Thomas Longley, who was then sixty-five. Born in 1794, he had been educated at Westminster and Christ Church, and after being Incumbent of Cowley and West Tytherley, became Head Master of Harrow in 1829. His Head

Mastership, which was far from successful, continued till 1835, when he was appointed to the new Bishopric of Ripon. For twenty years he laboured assiduously and successfully, and was then made Bishop of Durham, from which See he was removed in four years to the Archbishopric of York, and two years later to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in 1863, reversed the sentence by which the Dean of Arches had suspended Dr. Rowland Williams and Mr. Wilson for their contributions to "Essays and Reviews;" but from this decision Archbishop Longley dissented. In the next year he gave a casting vote in favour of Bishop Wilberforce's motion in Convocation to appoint a committee to inquire into and report on that volume. He showed equal vehemence, and a want of insight due to inadequate knowledge, in his uncompromising hostility to Bishop Colenso. In February, 1867, he issued his invitation to all the Bishops in communion with the Church of England to meet at the first Lambeth Conference; but he did not show himself strong enough to suppress the discussion on Bishop Colenso, though it had been distinctly understood by some of the ablest bishops—such as Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's—that the subject should not be introduced. In 1867 he contributed to the rejection of Lord Shaftesbury's "Clerical Vestments Bill." He died on October 27, 1868. He cannot be regarded as, in any sense, a remarkable Archbishop, though he was a good man. He was supposed to be a Liberal, but he showed no progressiveness or insight into the future. He opposed the Oxford University Reform Bill; the Divorce Bill; Lord Ebury's motion for the Revision of the Prayer Book; and the motions for modifying the Act of Uniformity, and the Burial Service. Personally respected and beloved he cannot be compared for eminence with his successors.

## ARCHBISHOP TAIT

His successor, Archibald Campbell Tait, was the only Scotchman who has risen to the Primatial chair. After a childhood full of trials he went to Oxford and became a Fellow of Balliol. In 1841 he was the chief mover in the strong protest against Tract XC., which was signed by four Balliol tutors. It led to the suppression of the Tracts, and had many memorable ulterior consequences. In 1842 he became Head Master of Rugby. After a very severe illness he accepted the Deanery of Carlisle in 1849. He made an active and admirable Dean, and also served on the Oxford University Commission. In 1856 he lost five of his daughters by scarlet fever, and shortly after this crushing calamity he was appointed Bishop of London. He made one of the most forcible and exemplary Bishops who had ever ruled the See, and his Primary Charge had a decisive effect in checking the dangerous growth of "auricular confession." He also showed the utmost courage and foresight in dealing with the "Essays and Reviews" and the Colenso controversies, and won universal admiration by the zeal and energy with which he endeavoured to advance religion among the poor by open-air services, in which he himself took part. He had much to do with promoting the great evening services at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, which retain their popularity and usefulness to this day. Struck by the alarming increase in the size of London, the rapid growth of population, and the dreadful depths of spiritual destitution in many of the parishes, he inaugurated "The Bishop of London's Fund," which has rendered inestimable services to the Metropolis. During the cholera epidemic of 1866 he gave up his summer holiday, and fearlessly visited the hospitals with Mrs. Tait, bringing on a serious illness, which could not, however—in spite of the remonstrances of his doctors—induce him to put some limit on his laborious occupations.

In 1868 he bought a small seaside residence—Stonehouse, near Broadstairs. A Canon who was Vicar in the neighbouring parish, told me that he had once been requested to help the Archbishop in his correspondence, and he found it such a colossal burden, that he wondered how the Archbishop could possibly endure it. But Dr. Tait took all that came with exquisite and unbroken equanimity. His kindly, unflinching cheerfulness was illustrated by the way in which he dealt with the many idiotic letters—full of the serene infallibility of opinionated ignorance—which constantly reached him. He used to hand such letters to his Chaplain, with the smiling remark—"Tell him he is an ass—but say so kindly!"

He was appointed Archbishop by Mr. Disraeli in November, 1868, and one of the first questions which came before him was the Irish Church Bill. He disliked the Bill, but feeling himself bound to accept it, did his utmost to secure the most favourable terms for the Irish Church. His labours brought on another serious illness in 1869, and he wished to resign the Primacy, but the Queen begged him not to do so. In order to lighten his toils, his Archdeacon, Dr. Parry, was created Suffragan Bishop of Dover. This new office had become an actual necessity for the due performance of the increased and increasing labours which owed their main origin to him.

Dr. Tait incurred a storm of furious unpopularity from the High Church party by his share in the "Public Worship Regulation Act" of 1874; but time may serve to show the wisdom of his efforts in that direction. But he was altogether superior to the unscrupulous and malignant meanness of party spirit. His views were distinctly Evangelical and Broad Church, but his was one of those large minds which rise above the malarious swamps of mere vulgar partisanship. He was a great statesman on the Episcopal Bench, as well as an indefatigable Christian worker. The late Duke of Albany pronounced an admirably just eulogy upon him when he said that "English history, which recalls so many heroes of duty, can scarcely point to a purer instance of the singlemindedness which forgets self in great public objects, or of the conscientiousness which makes a man refuse, under any pressure of temptation, to do less than his utmost or to be less than his best."

## ARCHBISHOP BENSON

Dr. Tait was succeeded by one whom he greatly loved, and one whom, if choice had rested with him, he would have selected for his successor—Edward White Benson. Dr. Benson had been educated at Birmingham, where he was one of the most remarkable trio of schoolboys who were ever companions at an English school—his schoolboys being Joseph Barber Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, whose commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles and other theological writings conferred inestimable services on the whole Church; and Brooke Foss Westcott, the present Bishop of Durham, certainly the deepest and the most learned of our living theologians. Dr. Benson belonged to a middle-class family, and entered Trinity College as a Sizar. In 1852 he took his degree as eighth in the First Class of the Classical Tripos—a place which did not represent his brilliant classical knowledge; but he afterwards gained the Chancellor's medal by some of the finest and most felicitous pieces of Greek and Latin verse which Cambridge has produced. In due

time he became a Fellow of Trinity College. From 1853 to 1859 he was an assistant master at Rugby, under Dr. Goulbourn. From 1859 to 1872 he was the first Master of Wellington College, in which the Prince Consort took the deepest interest. Dr. Benson organised and taught with brilliant success, winning the deep affection of his pupils. In 1872 he accepted from Bishop Wordsworth the post of Canon and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, and left a permanently valuable mark on all the Cathedral institutions. In 1876 he was appointed the first Bishop of Truro; brought about the restoration and enlargement of Truro Cathedral; and put in admirable order all the institutions of his new diocese. In 1882 he was nominated to the Primacy, and not only won for himself respect by his firmness and knowledge,

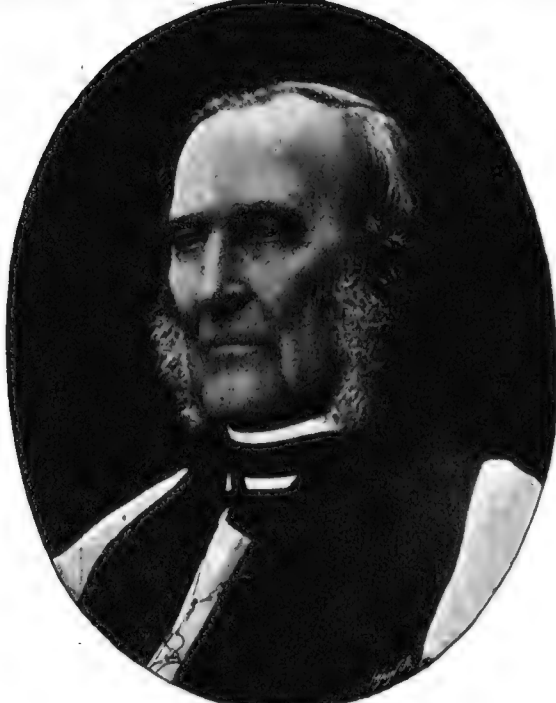


THE MOST REV. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT

1868-1882

From a Photograph by Lydell Sawyer

and popularity by the genial charm and brightness of his manner, but also a strong affection among all schools of the clergy and all classes of the community. He managed the case of the Bishop of Lincoln with perfect conciliatoriness, yet with decisive firmness, and laid down comprehensive rules and principles which would have been most valuable had they not been set at defiance. He promoted the formation of the House of Laymen; took the warmest interest in the Assyrian Mission; and promoted the building of the Church House. He never spared himself labour, and his reception of the Lambeth Conference was so cordial and hospitable as to earn the gratitude of all his Episcopal visitors. The last main event of his life was his visit to Ireland. He was welcomed with genuine Irish enthusiasm, and won all suffrages in his favour. The stormy voyage to Dublin disturbed the action of a weak heart, and the mischief was enhanced by the return journey. He died suddenly at Hawarden, in the Church, while he was worshipping in Mr. Gladstone's pew, during morning service. His unexpected death sent a shock of sorrow throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, and was indeed lamented by the entire English-speaking race. His funeral was attended by the Duke of York, as the representative of the Queen; by the Archbishops of York and Armagh; by representatives of the Emperor of Germany and other royal personages; and by the great majority of the members of the English Episcopate. But had the Archbishop been able to choose for himself he could not have chosen any scene or circumstances for the solemn moment of death more beautiful or acceptable than those in which he died.



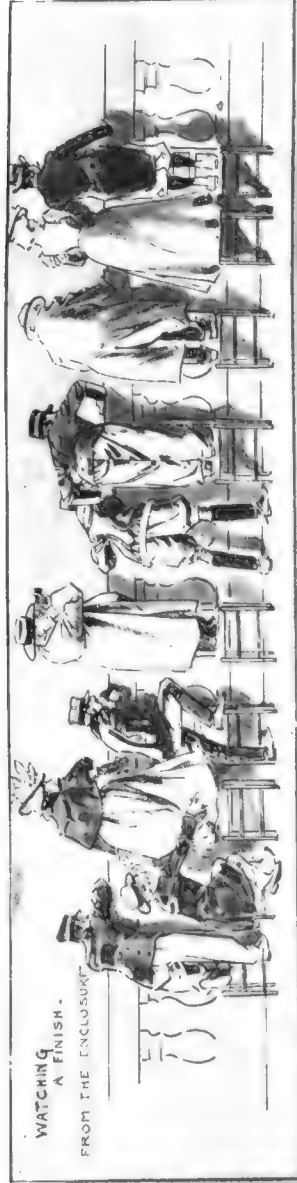
THE MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE

Elected 1895

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons

He might also have felt, with deepest gratitude to God, that he had been enabled to do his responsible work nobly and wisely and he would have agreed with his dear friend, Bishop Lightfoot, who, in 1889, two months before his own death, had written "What, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come, and men may go... but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilising tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever."





WATCHING  
A FINISH.  
FROM THE ENCLOSURE



A RACE BETWEEN  
TROTTERS  
- DRIVEN & RIDDEN.



JOCKEYS. (DRIVERS)



IN THE PADDOCK.



"WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST."



HARNESS PAIRS

THE FEATURE OF THE MEETING.



Reginald Cleaver



SKETCHES AT THE TROTting RACES AT NICE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



## ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

The present Primate, Dr. Frederick Temple, was born on November 30, 1821; was educated at Tiverton School; became a scholar of Balliol, and took a Double First Class in 1842. After some years as Fellow and Tutor at Balliol, he became Principal of Kneller Hall—then a Training College—in 1848. On resigning this post, in 1855, he became an Inspector of Schools, and in 1858 was elected Head Master of Rugby. He supported the measure for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868, and in 1869 became Bishop of Exeter, in spite of the wild clerical opposition most needlessly and ungenerously raised against him for having contributed an essay to the "Essays and Reviews." For nearly sixteen years he toiled with indefatigable and ever-cheerful self-sacrifice in his huge diocese, which in those days required the incessant fatigue of long journeys, since the Diocese of Truro had not yet been separated from it. He never troubled himself about the virulent attacks of his enemies, but went on in the path of duty. No Bishop ever worked harder, and when, after sixteen years, he was appointed to the See of London, all criticism had been silenced, and all opposition had disappeared. After years of fresh work even more overwhelming, in his endeavouring to meet the needs of the vast diocese of London, Dr. Temple, at the age of seventy-four, was appointed Archbishop in the year 1896. The days

ceaseless and self-sacrificing activity in the cause of Temperance Reform will be remembered with gratitude for centuries to come. Nobly has he lived up to the words of Archbishop Tait, which he quoted at the Public Luncheon in Canterbury on the day of his enthronement (January 8, 1897)—*Vindictum nobis Apostolorum non honores sed labores*. No more decisive proof of the advance of the Church of England, in the zealous devotion to every form of philanthropy and religious duty, could be furnished than the very striking contrast between the condition of things throughout the country in the days of Archbishops Moore and Manners Sutton, and those in the days of Archbishops Tait, Benson, and Temple. Within living memory the Archbishops of York used to hold only one confirmation a year; now every Bishop has many scores of confirmations. The sight of a Bishop used to be almost unknown in the majority of the parishes of his Diocese. Now he visits them all in turn. Children, and even the boys at our great schools, used to have a most cursory and insufficient preparation for confirmation—so perfunctory and inadequate that it could hardly be called a preparation at all: in these days the preparation is most careful, and most solemn; it occupies many previous weeks, and often leaves a deep impression for life upon the character. If any one desires to know what religious worship was like in the earlier years of the century, and what it continued to be in the country till quite recent times, let him read Charles Kingsley's description of a service at St. Paul's

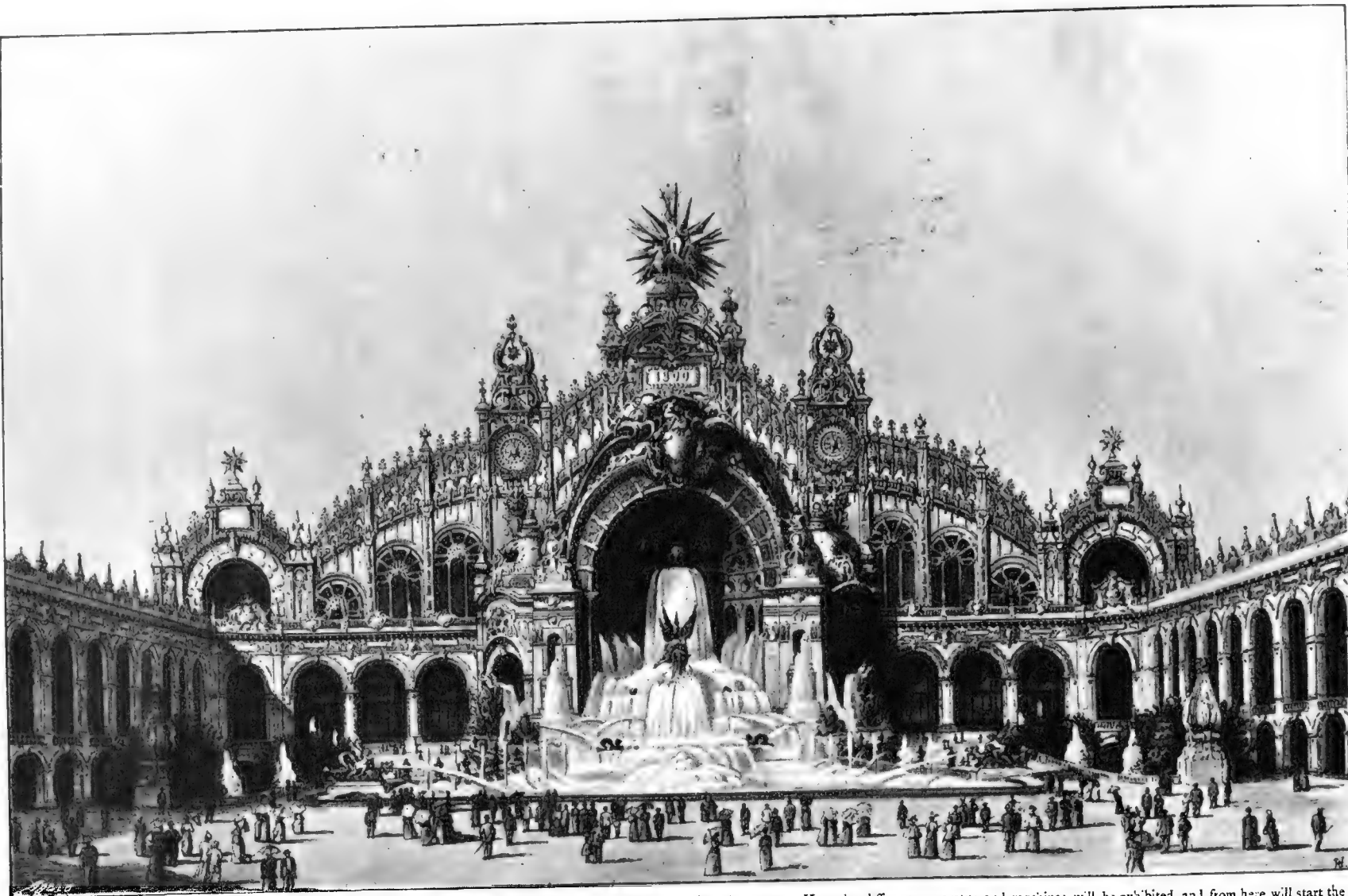
ruinous gambling, cruel amusements, might all afford material for a very dark estimate of the social condition of the age. Much might further be added of a torpid church, of religion assailed with ribaldry and contempt, of indolent clergy and time-serving Prelates, of enthusiasm regarded with hatred even by esteemed divines, of Wesley and his fellow-workers struggling alone, amid insult and obloquy, to revive the power of Christianity amid a godless and perverse generation."

Now glance at the very moderate estimate of the present state of things by the same competent author:—

"In proportion as virtue is timid," he says, "vice increases in effrontery; and when religion is languid, irreligion becomes emboldened. There can be no doubt that, in the present age, notwithstanding the evils which swarm in our midst, public sentiment strongly reprobates, and that without any hypocrisy, what a century ago passed almost unreprieved. We can fairly hope that, through the greater efficiency both of the National Church and of other religious organisations, religion is distinctly stronger than it was, and that goodness has more powerful aids for asserting itself, and for repressing evil."

We say in the words of our Liturgy:—

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.  
It is meet and right so to do!



This immense building will form one of the principal features of the Great Exhibition to be held in Paris next year. It is entirely devoted to electricity, and here will be on view all the most important inventions in this branch of science. The building is in two distinct parts. The first, over 200 feet in height, forms the façade of the Palace of Electricity, and is a sort of screen across the whole width of the Champ de Mars, concealing entirely from view the old Galerie des Machines. It is surmounted by a figure bearing a torch emerging from a crystal star, on a chariot drawn by two griffins. This façade is constructed of bearing a torch emerging from a crystal star, on a chariot drawn by two griffins. This façade is constructed of metal and glass embellished with ornaments in zinc repoussé and transparent ceramic ware, and is to be covered with fairy lamps which at night-time will show the outlines of the structure and give it the appearance of an enchanted palace. Behind this façade are the arcades of a gallery 450 yards long by 30 wide, and divided

into three parts. Here the different apparatus and machines will be exhibited, and from here will start the wires which will distribute the electric light throughout the Exhibition. The Château d'Eau, or Cascades, will consist of a sort of grotto, with appropriate ornaments. From the centre stream of water will fall from a height of ninety feet from basin to basin, receiving on its way the tribute of fantastic monsters, of tritons and of dolphins. At night-time the fountains will be illuminated by the electric light. These cascades will use some 400 gallons of water per second. In the middle will be an allegorical group representing Progress leading Humanity. This group will be at least thirty feet high. The Palace of Electricity was designed by M. Hénard, and the Château d'Eau by M. Paulin.

## THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY AND THE CHATEAU D'EAU AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

of dignified ease and palatial splendour for the Primate of all England have long ceased; but few have ever faced more manfully the ceaseless toil of his high position than the present Archbishop of Canterbury. He hardly knows what leisure is. His correspondence is necessarily enormous. Every day in the week is taken up with political, religious, educational, or philanthropic engagements, which often involve a heavy weight of responsibility. He is in demand all over England, and complies at once with every claim, however toilsome, which it is possible for him to meet. Addington has been sold, and at this moment a residence on the site of the ancient Archiepiscopal Palace is being built for the Archbishops at Canterbury. Dr. Temple is devoted to his Cathedral, and at Canterbury, as throughout his diocese, he is universally respected and beloved. His lot has fallen on times of grave anxiety for the Church of England, but amid the outcries of party excitement he has maintained his perfect calm, and has done his utmost, by wise comprehensiveness and generous forbearance, to do justice to the clergy of every school. If no evil results follow from the present crisis this will be greatly due to his strength of will, clearness of judgment, and unswerving magnanimity of character. He is far younger than his years—since old age is a very relative term. We may therefore hope that His Grace may still serve the Church for some time to come, and may steer her vessel safely amid the rocks and storms. One thing is certain—his strenuous earnestness in the cause of deep and manly religion, of national education, and his

Cathedral in "Yeast," and George Eliot's of a village service in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." Churches were then frequently in the last stage of miserable dilapidation. Now, throughout all England, even in the remotest villages, they have been restored at the cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The religious requirements of hugely overgrown parishes in all our great cities, were neglected with shameful supineness. Now the clergy—not, as is often falsely represented, of one school only, but of all schools alike—are working, as themselves poor men among the poor, throughout the length and breadth of the land. We are in the midst of many and most serious difficulties. The clergy are sinking deeper and deeper into poverty. The work which still requires to be done is almost overwhelmingly heavy. Woe be unto us, if even for a year we are content to rest upon our oars, or relax the efforts, which, noble as they are, still remain inadequate for the urgent needs of religion and morality. Yet most surely there is much for which we may thank God, and take courage. Let anyone take Massey's "History of England from 1745-1802," and contrast the state of things then and now! It is, says Canon Abney, "a dark picture of vice, brutality, and irreligion, rampant throughout the country from the highest to the lowest. Venal politics, a dissolute stage, shameful laxity of morals, drunkenness as a fashion, profane swearing a general habit, 'Custom-house oaths' and such other perjury a by-word and a jest, duelling an established usage of society, Tyburn horrors, roads garnished with gibbets,

Yet at the same time, let us remember, that if we would resist the tremendous, yet often most insidious, assaults of evil, or drive back the boundaries of the Kingdom of Darkness, by making our country more and more the home of a righteous and God-fearing people, no effort can ever be relaxed. "In this warfare there is no discharge."

## The Trotting Races at Nice

TROTTING has now quite a firm footing in France, and although many of the trotters betray their nationality, with such names as Blossom Wilkes, Loie Fuller, Nancy's Baby, etc., on the other hand Prodiges, La Prairie and others, must feel quite at home here in Nice, where a five-day meeting was not long since brought to a successful finish with the race for the Méditerranée Club Prize, competed for by trotters harnessed in pairs. This was quite the feature of the meeting, and extremely long tails were one of the features of the trotters. So long were they in one case that they were tied on to the traces with a bit of ribbon to keep them out of harm's way. Driving jockeys are a little casual about their dress, especially one or two with Italian names. The cut of their boots and breeches, and their figures too, are most unsportsmanlike.



# China in Transition:

## THE "SPHERES OF INFLUENCE" PHASE

PROPHECY is busy with the Chinese Empire, and, for the most part, the seers speak in accents of woe. The present impression seems to be that the Empire is doomed to early partition both by internal decay and the "spheres of influence" policy of the Powers. It may be so. When one remembers, however, that more than two hundred years ago Baron Blumberg called Turkey "that body condemned to death which must very speedily turn to a corpse," one may be permitted to doubt the practical value of speculations of this kind. Whatever may be in store for China, it is, at any rate, certain that she has entered on a new stage of her political and national life, and that this stage can only be transitional. The larger portion of the Empire has been mapped out by foreign Powers into "spheres of influence" which will inevitably become their respective properties should the elements of disintegration prove intractable. On the other hand, the very increased interest of the Powers in China which has manifested itself in this ear-marking may prove a revitalising influence, inasmuch as by opening up the Empire and covering it with railroads new sources of prosperity and strength and new incentives to political cohesion will become available.

The aggressive attitude of the European Powers has taken two forms which, while not actually running to seizures of territory, are well understood to be preliminaries to such seizures. One is the acquisition of certain *piés à terre* on the coast on lease; the other is the indication of certain provinces as being the portions of the Empire in which each Power is particularly interested. In the latter case the claims have been manifested by requiring of the Chinese Government pledges that the provinces so indicated shall not be alienated to Powers other than the Power demanding the pledge. In some cases the sphere of influence has been more expressly indicated by the interested Power demanding exclusive rights and privileges within the region it is desirous of ear-marking. Although most of these demands have cropped up during the past twelve months, they are not without precedent in the earlier history of China. Macao was acquired on lease by the Portuguese in 1586, and it was not until 1863 that the port and settlement were ceded in sovereignty to the Lusitanian Crown. Kowloon, on the mainland opposite Hong Kong, was ceded to the British on lease in 1860, the tenure being transformed into sovereign possession a year later. The earliest instance of a sphere of influence indicated by a pledge of non-alienation is that of the land of Chusan and its dependencies. By the Convention of Bocca Tigris in 1846, the Chinese Government pledged itself to Great Britain not to cede or lease any portion of the Archipelago or its dependencies to any other Power.

During the past year there has been a veritable scramble for these leases and spheres of influence. The movement was started by Germany towards the end of 1897. In retaliation for the murder of certain German missionaries in Shantung, a German force occupied the port of Kiao-Chau, and notified the Chinese Government of its intention to hold it as a guarantee of Chinese good behaviour. In the following March a treaty was signed between the two Powers, by which Germany acquired a lease of Kiao-Chau Bay for ninety-nine years, and a sphere of influence extending over the whole of the province of Shantung. The sphere of influence was signified by certain economic privileges. Germany was granted the sole right of railway construction in Shantung, and a preference in all works for the development of the province and for the supply of machines and material

required for such development. The clauses of the Treaty granting these privileges have not been officially published in Germany, owing, no doubt, to their being in conflict with the "most favoured nation" clauses of Chinese Treaties with other Powers. They have, however, been published in China, and their authenticity is not denied.

The example of Germany was immediately followed by Russia, who had long wanted an opportunity to reach the ice-free Pacific by way of Manchuria. By a Treaty, dated March 27, 1898, she acquired a lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan for twenty-five years. On May 7 an additional agreement was signed, giving Russia privileges in Manchuria which constituted that province a Russian sphere of influence. Under this agreement it was arranged that a branch of the Siberian railway should run to Port Arthur and Talienwan,

partition among the Powers, Great Britain had taken the precaution to indicate the region in which she was chiefly interested. This was the basin of the Yangtze Kiang, the great highway of Chinese trade and the outlet for its richest markets. By an exchange of Notes in February, 1898, the Tsung-li Yamen pledged itself "never to alienate any territories in the provinces adjoining the Yangtze to any other Power, whether under lease, mortgage, or any other designation." Thus a British sphere of influence was established over the provinces of Kiangsu, Nganwei, Kiangsi, Hupeh, Hunan, and Suchuan. No exclusive privileges were claimed in this immense region, Great Britain contenting herself with the assurance that the freedom of her trade would be secured.

The next step was taken by France. As soon as it was known that Great Britain had applied for a lease of Wei-hai-Wei, the French Government made a similar demand for a coaling station at Kwang-chow-Wan, on the mainland opposite Hainan, the lease to run for ninety-nine years. This was granted in April. At the same time France followed the example of the other Powers in indicating what she considered her sphere of influence. In the preceding year she had obtained non-alienation assurances with regard to Hainan. These were now extended to the Chinese provinces adjoining Tonking—Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Yunnan. No economic privileges were then required, though in 1895 and 1897 certain preferences in these provinces had been promised to France.

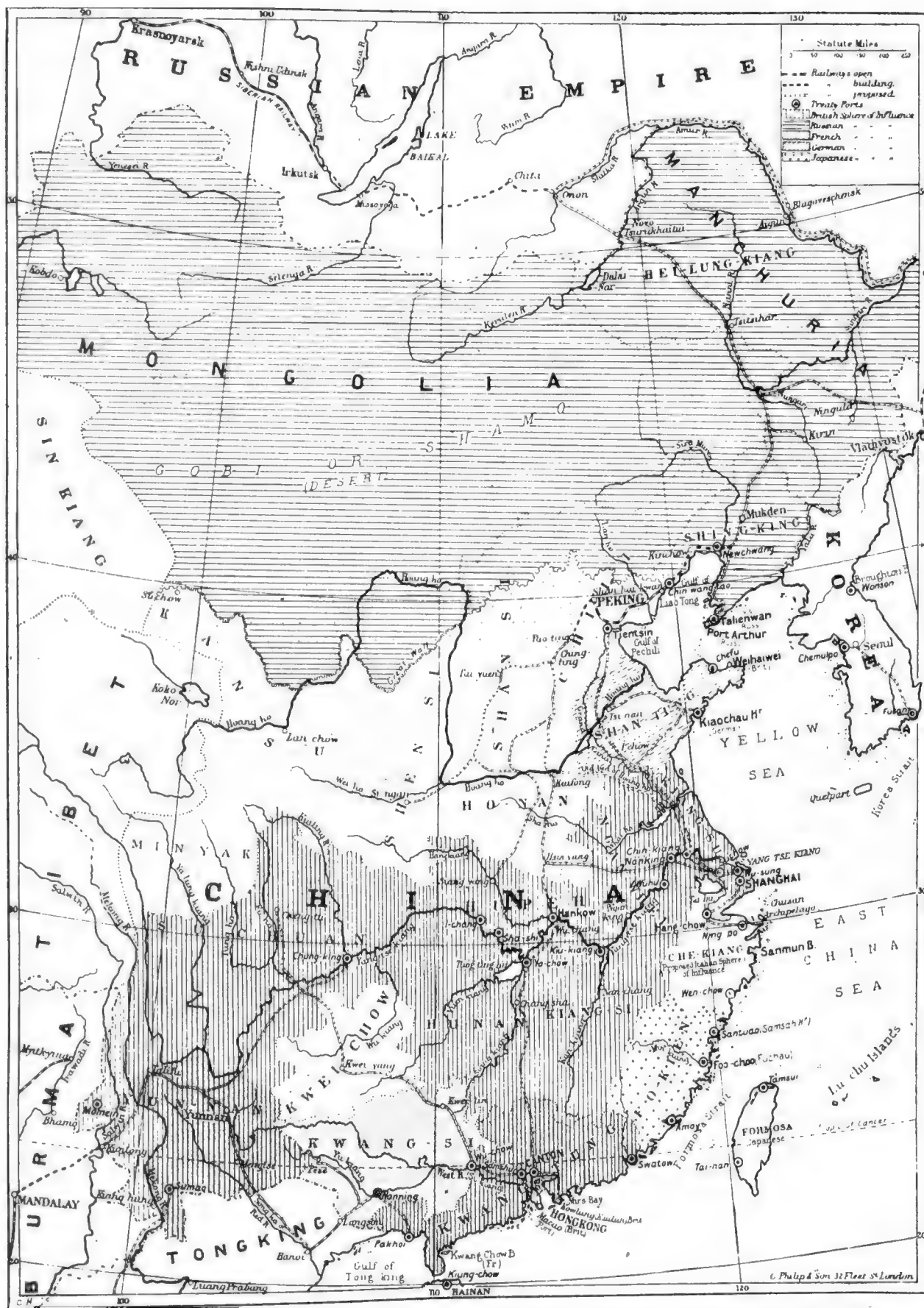
These demands were strongly opposed by Great Britain owing to her great interests in South China, and when they were conceded by the Tsung-li Yamen the British Minister was instructed to demand further compensations. Great Britain asked for another leasehold and another sphere of influence. The leasehold took the form of a considerable extension of the Kowloon settlement, which was granted by a convention signed on June 9. The sphere of influence comprised two of the provinces already pledged to France—Yunnan and Kwangtung—with regard to which verbal assurances were given by the Tsung-li Yamen. France seems to have raised no objections to these assurances, the reason, no doubt, being that in Kwangtung the British interests are far superior to the French, while in Yunnan the two Powers are already pledged to each other to seek no privileges in which they cannot both participate.

While these transactions were in progress Japan also took measures to secure her interests. She did not apply for any leasehold, but, owing to the proximity of Formosa to the Chinese province of Fokien, she demanded and obtained a pledge that no portion of that province should "be alienated to any nation but Japan." She did not ask for any economic privileges.

A further leasehold and sphere of influence is now under consideration at the suit of Italy. That power

has demanded the cession on lease of the bay of San-Mun, together with non-alienation assurances covering the province of Chekiang. The application has not yet been granted, but it is supported by Great Britain, and it is not likely that it will be withheld if it be vigorously insisted upon.

The result of this scramble is that of the eighteen provinces of China proper—nineteen if we include Manchuria—thirteen have already been ear-marked by the European Powers. The provinces which in a political sense still remain untouched by the "barbarians," are Kweichow, Honan, Chihli, Shensi, Shensi, and Kansu. In several of these, however, important industrial concessions have been obtained by foreigners, notably in Shansi, Honan, and Chihli, where important coaling and mining concessions have been granted to British capitalists.



MAP OF CHINA SHOWING THE RELATIVE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE BELONGING TO GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, FRANCE, GERMANY, AND JAPAN

that no railway privileges should be given to the subjects of other Powers in the region traversed by the railway, that no foreign concessions at all should be granted in a zone north of the new Russian leaseholds, and that no fresh ports should be opened to foreign trade in this territory.

The acquisition by Russia of so important a naval base as Port Arthur alarmed Great Britain, and it was resolved to seek a compensating advantage at the hands of the Chinese Government. Lord Salisbury accordingly instructed the British Minister at Peking to obtain a lease of Wei-hai-Wei on the same terms as Port Arthur had been acquired by the Russians. This was granted by a Convention signed on July 1, 1898. Earlier in the year, when it was very generally feared that the action of Germany and Russia might lead to the break-up of the whole Chinese Empire, and to its





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY LEWIS J. MOUNTFORD

The *Civil and Military Gazette*, published at Allahabad, contains an exciting account of the manner in which a plucky woman saved herself and her husband against the attack of a Ghazi. As Captain and Mrs. Spence were out driving slowly, they saw a Brahui mounted on a Baluch racing mare coming towards them at a walk. As the man approached he drew his sword and made a vicious cut at Captain Spence, who, on seeing the naked sword, instantly stood up and lashed at the Ghazi with the driving whip, causing the mare to swerve and the sword to pass harmlessly by, but uncomfortably close to Captain Spence's head. At this instant Captain Spence lost his balance and fell under the wheel of the trap, where he lay pinned down for some time. Seeing her husband in the act of falling, Mrs. Spence seized the whip from his hand and jumped to the ground.

By this time the Ghazi had wheeled on the road and was making another rush. Mrs. Spence instantly stood between her husband and the man, and there received the Ghazi's attack, whip in hand, cutting at him and his mare and calling out for help. By making vigorous use of her whip she kept the Ghazi off and drove him away. A second charge the Ghazi made was similarly repulsed, except that on this occasion the Ghazi's cut came more perilously near, and Mrs. Spence was knocked down. By this time Captain Spence had extricated himself from beneath the wheel of the trap (where he sustained several severe bruises and a cracked rib) and came to his wife's help, and when the Ghazi made his third rush he was driven off by Captain Spence, when he made off at a gallop, but the pursuit was taken up, and he was ultimately run down and shot.

AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AT SIBI



TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: PANNING FOR GOLD ON THE YUKON RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGEDORFER.

PRESIDENT KRUGER RETURNING FROM THE RAAD ATTENDED BY HIS ESCORT OF THE PRETORIA MOUNTED POLICE  
THE TRANSVAAL AND ITS RULER

DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



## "Place aux James"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

IN Miss Jekyll's charming book on the garden she especially warns us against giving way to the temptation to grow monstrosities, eccentricities, or flowers remarkable chiefly for their size. The warning is not unnecessary. Gardeners are but too eager to admire a flower because of its dimensions, whereas, as a rule, the greater the size, the less the perfection and the odour. We have had immense carnations, huge roses, and now an Italian botanist has discovered a large violet which measures two inches and a half across. The specimen is at present unique, the Queen of Italy and a few favoured friends have received presents, but the flower is not yet placed on the market. Let us hope it will not be. The violet, of all flowers, is not prized for its size, but for its exquisite colour and odour as it hides beneath its green leaves. Modesty has hitherto been its principal attribute, but who could mention modesty in the same breath with a violet the size of a teacup? Let us, at least, retain these humble blossoms as they have become endeared to us from childhood, with their crushed petals emitting sweeter odours as they die, embalmed in the pages of our favourite books.

One thing certainly we have better in England than abroad, and that is the system of railway travelling. Recently I was one of a party of panned, heated, and exhausted travellers in the waiting-room at Florence, which, already of small dimensions, was crowded to excess with a heterogeneous mass of first and second class travellers and hot and greasy porters carrying their luggage. Not till five minutes after the train was timed for starting was this chafing mob permitted to emerge from a very Black Hole of Calcutta. Then ensued a scene of indescribable jostling, pushing, and scrambling ere the crowd was duly placed in the railway carriages. I fail to see what possible advantage is gained by the arrangement beyond the fact that it renders travelling a wearisome burden.

Italy is certainly not a beautiful country for the roving stranger, but it must be a terrible place for the overtaxed citizen. To what an extent everything is taxed could scarcely be believed in England. For instance, one may read in the paper that the services of a midwife are required for a Government institution, and applicants are requested to come forward. The pay is fourteen pounds a year (not stupendously magnificent for that matter), and each applicant must see that she duly receives a stamped permission which costs fifty centimes. So that, as for a post of this sort, perhaps more than a hundred women would apply, and only one fortunate person receive it, the net gain to the Government is considerable. No wonder the population groan under such a system of taxes, which is far more oppressive than even in the good old Papal days of mismanagement.

The great interest taken by the Prince of Wales in golf during the time he was at Cannes will no doubt give a fresh impetus to the game. It has so many advantages. It may be played by young or old, men or women (though a well-known champion once declared in my hearing that a woman never could be a first-class player), it may be indulged in either in solitude or in companionship, and it is an outdoor amusement, specially suited for the country and wide open health-giving spaces. That time is now far removed when a constitutional along a muddy road or up and down a terrace formed the only exercise possible to women. They are improving daily in all sports; the mysteries of hockey have been successfully conquered, they can play bicycle polo, lawn tennis and croquet as are household words, and they can even hold their own at cricket. Verily, the women of the future will soon be sighing, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer.

Dogs have always formed the amusement and delight of idle women. In the old tapestries a little dog gambols by the side of his draperied mistress as she saunters in her garden; in Sir Peter Lely's canvases we see the woman of fashion, pressing her King Charles spaniel to her décolleté bosom, while no Dutch picture of *genre*, or Hogarth canvas, is complete without its dog, generally taking some active part in the proceedings. The shepherd's dog, the pitiful hound, the watchdog, the active terrier were all fondly limned by Sir Edwin Landseer, but excepting in the case of the shepherd's dogs, they were distinctly pets, and nothing more. Now women have evolved a new phase of the dog-love, and have started as breeders. The Ladies' Kennel Club Association has enabled women to exhibit and breed their own dogs, and they have entered into the business heart and soul. One lady breeds pugs, another boarhounds, a third toy bulldogs (a very profitable venture), yet another, Japanese spaniels, and so on. They have their kennels, their studbook, their attendants in charge, and can speak as glibly of points, breeding, and quality as any man. At any rate, it appears to be a most interesting pursuit.

## Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution"

"THE author is aware that an expectation exists, among those who have read 'The Early History of Charles James Fox,' that he would carry on the account of that statesman's life from the point at which he dropped it eighteen years ago," writes Sir George Trevelyan in his preface to "The American Revolution," but to do this, namely, write a political biography of Fox between 1774 and 1782, was impossible other than by telling the story of the American Revolution, so inextricably interwoven were the two stories. Thus we get the present volume as the continuation of the life of one of the two most picturesquely interesting figures in political life at the end of the last century. The least learned, the least interested of the generation know the names of Pitt and Fox, even though they understand but vaguely anything of the work they did. But Sir George Trevelyan's clearly written, comprehensive, and easily read volume not only deepens that interest in the story of an extraordinarily fascinating and unusually gifted man, but also awakens a real living interest in all the details of the great split between the parent England and the child America, besides giving most valuable pictures taken from contemporary letters of what the Americans were at that time. These often awaken a new admiration for our American cousins. Here, for instance, is a glimpse written at the time by one of the French nobles who brought their swords and fortunes to the assistance of America:—

After masses of woods I came to populous hamlets and towns where everything betokened the perfection of civilization—schools, churches, universities—indigence and vulgarity nowhere; abundance, comfort, and urbanity everywhere. The inhabitants, each and all, exhibited the unassuming and quiet pride of men who see nothing above them except the law, and who are free from the vanity, the servility, and the prejudices of European society.

And "in one of those coteries which were soon to be cities, or

or one who never knew what it was to be ashamed of that which at the time he was engaged in. For when Charles Fox became ashamed of anything he left off doing it." Something of the difference between the eighteenth century and the nineteenth lies in that summing up. The book from first to last is of the deepest interest, and Sir George Trevelyan commands the gratitude of all for picturing so ably one of the most notable of their countrymen, and making so clear the reasons of one of the most important events in their country's history. ("The American Revolution," Part I. 1765-1776." By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co., London.)

## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

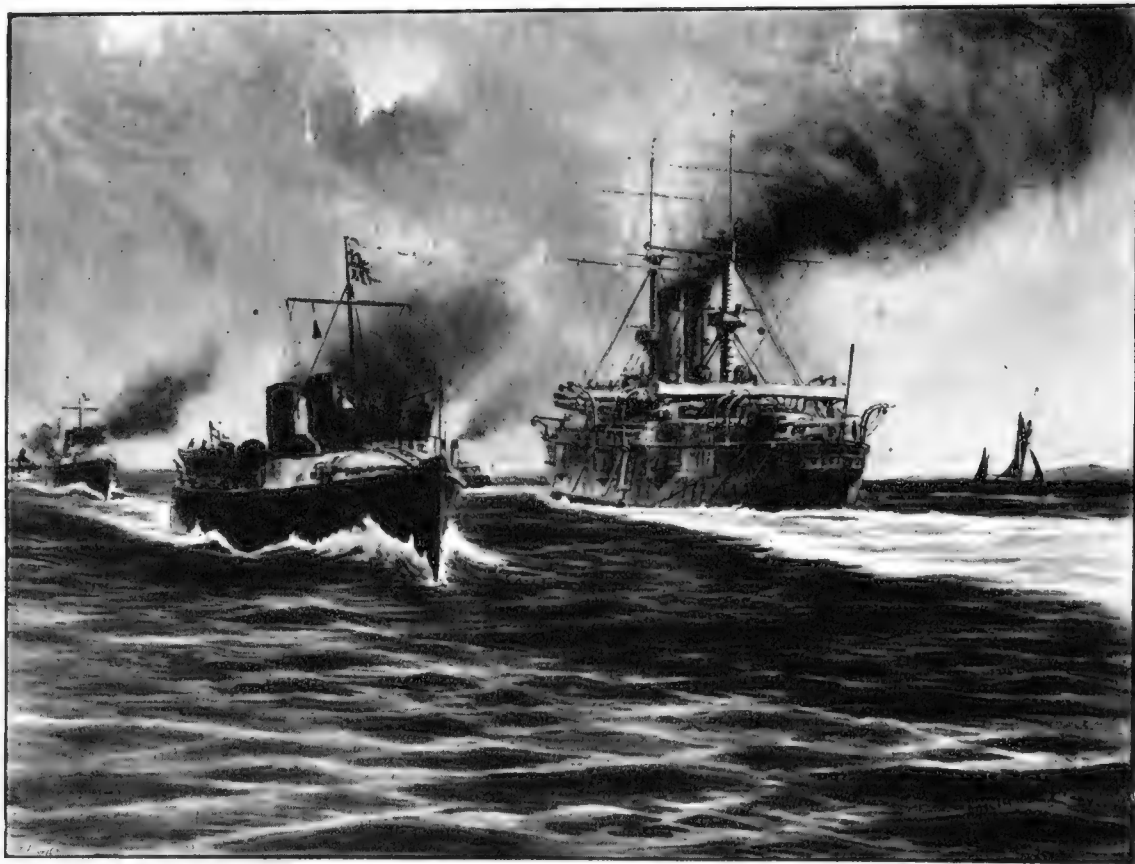
### THE FORTHCOMING ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

THE season for abuse of the Royal Academy has now commenced. The story is going round how last year, after two of the most distinguished landscape painters in France had been continuously rejected, M. René Lalique, the most eminent designer and artificer of *objets d'art*, sent in a masterpiece which received a similar fate; indeed, he is reported to have said, "The little box seemed not even to have been opened." Accordingly, when he was invited this year to contribute he replied that he would send the Academy—well, never mind. If this be true, it simply shows that those who repeat the story are not aware that in that case M. Lalique had no one but himself to blame; for the Median line of the Academy, as of all other great exhibitions, is that no work can be received that is not sent: unpacked, for reasons that are perfectly obvious.

Judged from present indications, the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy will not rise to the level of last year's display. So many of the leading artists have failed to complete their pictures in time—such as Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Abbey, and several more—while those who are sending are, in many cases, contenting themselves with minor efforts, that a striking collection is hardly possible. Some of the younger men have remarkable pictures, it is true; but as a body they are ill-prepared to bear the brunt of the show. No doubt, the total number of pictures sent in has not been less than in former years, but the quality has been disappointingly inferior. Yet the Academy rule of numbers has not been reformed, and while we find that the French (old) Salon hangs about two in five of the works submitted, the English institution cannot accommodate more than about one in eight or ten.

There is, perhaps, no section of painting more difficult and harassing than that which is known as "official" painting, and no "official" painting is more exacting for the artist than the production of the picture that must be at once a documentary record and a work of art. Such works are those which represent upon canvas the more important incidents in the life history of a Sovereign or of a nation. The Queen has commissioned many such, and on the whole has been fortunate in obtaining works that serve their purpose and do not offend the eye. But it is impossible to state that distinguished artists who have expended their talent in this difficult line have succeeded in reaching their high-water mark of achievement. Hitherto one of the very best, from the point of view of artistic effect, is the 1887 picture of the interior of St. Paul's, painted by Mr. Lockhart. Her more difficult task was that which was set to Mr. John Charlton when he was commissioned to paint for Her Majesty the scene of St. Paul's Churchyard at the moment when the National Anthem was sung, and the Archiepiscopal benediction was given on the Cathedral steps, while the noble and princely escort formed up, the carriages taking up their places in the roadway, and the body of Indian cavalry escort wheeled round.

Such a scene, in the heat and shimmering sunlight, with the glittering crowd and movement and the thousands waving their loyal, enthusiastic welcome before the sombre background of the grey pile of St. Paul's—with all the multiplicity of uniforms and hundreds of portraits—such a scene might well paralyse the artist who might be selected to represent it. When Mr. Frith announced to a friend that he had been chosen to paint the wedding picture of the Prince of Wales, a friend who had once accomplished a similar task, instead of congratulating the artist, commiserated him with a heartfelt "God help you." Mr. Charlton has evidently been inspired with a very different feeling from the beginning, for his picture has been manifestly painted *con amore*, even with enthusiasm. He has succeeded in the most amazing manner; and it is safe to say that no other picture may vie with it in interest or excellence in artistic quality in the forthcoming Academy Exhibition, that it will attract so much notice or bring more applause for practical difficulties courageously attacked and triumphantly overcome.



The Japanese cruiser *Tokuho* is steaming down the Medway after having had her bottom painted at Chatham Dockyard. In the foreground are the Medway Instructional Flotilla.

### EXTREMES MEET: AN EASTERN VISITOR DRAWN BY HAROLD WYLLIE

villages which already were little towns," they would alight from horseback in a street bright with flowers and foliage. They would lift the knocker of shining brass—and behind the door, gay with paint which never was allowed to lose its gloss, they were sure to meet with a hospitality that knew no respect of persons." Yet more interesting to us who are living through now the effect of the beginnings in America of the alteration in the position of women, is the picture also by a French nobleman and a soldier, De Segas, of the women there at that time.

He astonished and charmed his hearers by his description of a community where what passed in Paris as gallantry was called by a very plain name indeed; where women of station rode, drove, and walked unattended both in town and country; where girls of sixteen trusted themselves to the escort of a guest who yesterday had been a stranger, and talked to him as frankly and as fast as if he had been a cousin or a brother.

Let the effete East acknowledge that from the strong, healthy, vigorous blood of the new young West comes the greatest change the world has yet seen, the greater freedom, the emancipation, the development of woman. To return to Fox, who for the moment has slipped into the background, says Sir George, a biographer who wishes to do his best by Charles Fox, will recount his career without disguise or palliation. "He thought so clearly, spoke so forcibly, and acted so fearlessly, that what is good in him does not need to be set off by favourable circumstances, and what was wrong could not be concealed by reticence, or mended by excuses which he himself would have scorned to give." To quote that extract is to show the value of Sir George as a biographer, and at the same time to reveal to the reader the key to the character of Fox. There is another excellent glimpse in the following description of Fox's letters to his friend and cousin, Fitzpatrick:—

"His early vices and follies, and in after days the frequent excesses of his public spirit and the occasional perversity of his political conduct, are all told with the joyous unconscionable frankness





## New Novels

## "A STOLEN IDEA"

ELIZABETH GODFREY has opened, under the title of "A Stolen Idea" (Jarrold and Sons), a new question in literary ethics. Robert Norton got hold of a good plot for a story, but dealt with it so inadequately as to fail in getting it accepted for publication. Having left his returned manuscript in a railway carriage, it is picked up and read by Miss Delicia Watson, who treats the plot in such masterly fashion as to at once make a mark in the literary



A PROMENADE DRESS

In mauve cloth. Inlet bolero and yoke of deeper mauve velvet stitched with white. Underskirt to correspond. White stitching and small crystal buttons on princess tunic.

world. Of course it was really a case of collaboration between two mutually unacquainted authors. But unluckily Miss Watson had no means of discovering even the name of the man to whom she was so deeply indebted; and, as she was both a sensitive and an honest girl, her unexpected success becomes poisoned by remorse, and later on, under circumstances easy of guessing, by the danger of two spoiled lives. Well—the lives are not spoiled, and Miss Godfrey leaves the question she has raised wisely and happily unsolved. As to that, no doubt different readers will hold different and equally plausible opinions. But there certainly will be no difference of opinion concerning the merits of her own well-written and interesting story.

## "THE VISION SPLENDID"

"The Vision Splendid" (by Florence Bright and Robert Machray: Hutchinson and Co.), is Miss Jean Murray's idea of stage life before she tried it: the story is of her disillusion. In short, the novel is by no means likely to be popular among members of the profession with which it is exclusively concerned. Outsiders, however, will no doubt duly perceive that Jean's experiences were anything but typical. It is not every aspirant who happens to be the unacknowledged but not less favoured daughter of the leading actress of the day, whose influence over the great actor-manager is supreme. And it is not, therefore, every aspirant who takes a prominent position without apprenticeship, only to fall into the lowest rank, and to be in danger of worse than starvation, because her all-powerful mother, transformed by jealousy into her bitter enemy, seeks her ruin. Every calling has its dark side, and can be made to seem irredeemably black if no other be presented. One almost expects to find the *finis* preceded by some old-fashioned formula to the effect that if one amateur is prevented from helping to swell the ranks of an overcrowded profession, the purpose of the authors will have been fulfilled. Anxious parents and guardians will doubtless make a note of the novel; which, for the rest, is by no means uninteresting as a story.

## "THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN"

Mr. G. B. Burgin's concise dedication of "The Hermits of Gray's Inn" (C. Arthur Pearson) "To All Good Women," constitutes an appeal to a large public indeed. And, since it is of the nature of a good woman to enjoy a good laugh, the appeal is likely to be justified. Especially good, moreover, should be such a laugh at the expense of the six misogynists of Verulam Buildings. The novel belongs to the borderland between farce and comedy, with the customary evidence of Mr. Burgin's debt to the inspiration of Dickens; such as Simon Pag, the watchman, and his mother and his dilapidated blackbird; while, for more ordinary interest, no better instruments could have been chosen for breaking up a club of hermits than the charming Canadians, Mrs. Dunn and her niece Eunice. It is a very pleasant entertainment altogether.

## "THE KINGDOM OF HATE"

It is rather difficult to recognise Mr. Tom Gallon, the author of "Tatterley," in Mr. Tom Gallon, the author of "The Kingdom of Hate" (Hutchinson and Co.). He has adopted the now over-common trick of inventing a continental principality, with such constitution, customs, and conditions as may lend themselves to any plot which cannot possibly be laid in any region discoverable in

a gazetteer. The start, from this point of view, is promising. The hero intrudes for a wager into a London house at midnight. He is forcibly detained to be married to a lady whose name is unknown to him, but who subsequently proves to be a princess who will forfeit her throne if her hand is given to one whose rank is below her own. Hence arises such wild work in the way of romantic adventure as to defy any attempt at condensation. It must suffice to say that the motive is the contentment of the once ambitious princess with the Kingdom of Love in lieu of any worldly realm; and that the story is the merit of defying the most experienced guesswork as to the sequence of its impossibilities. None the less we shall be glad to welcome Mr. Gallon home again.



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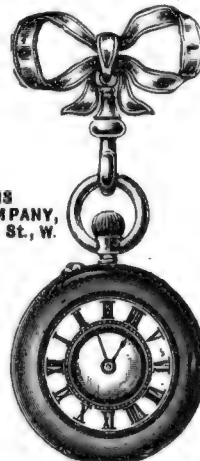
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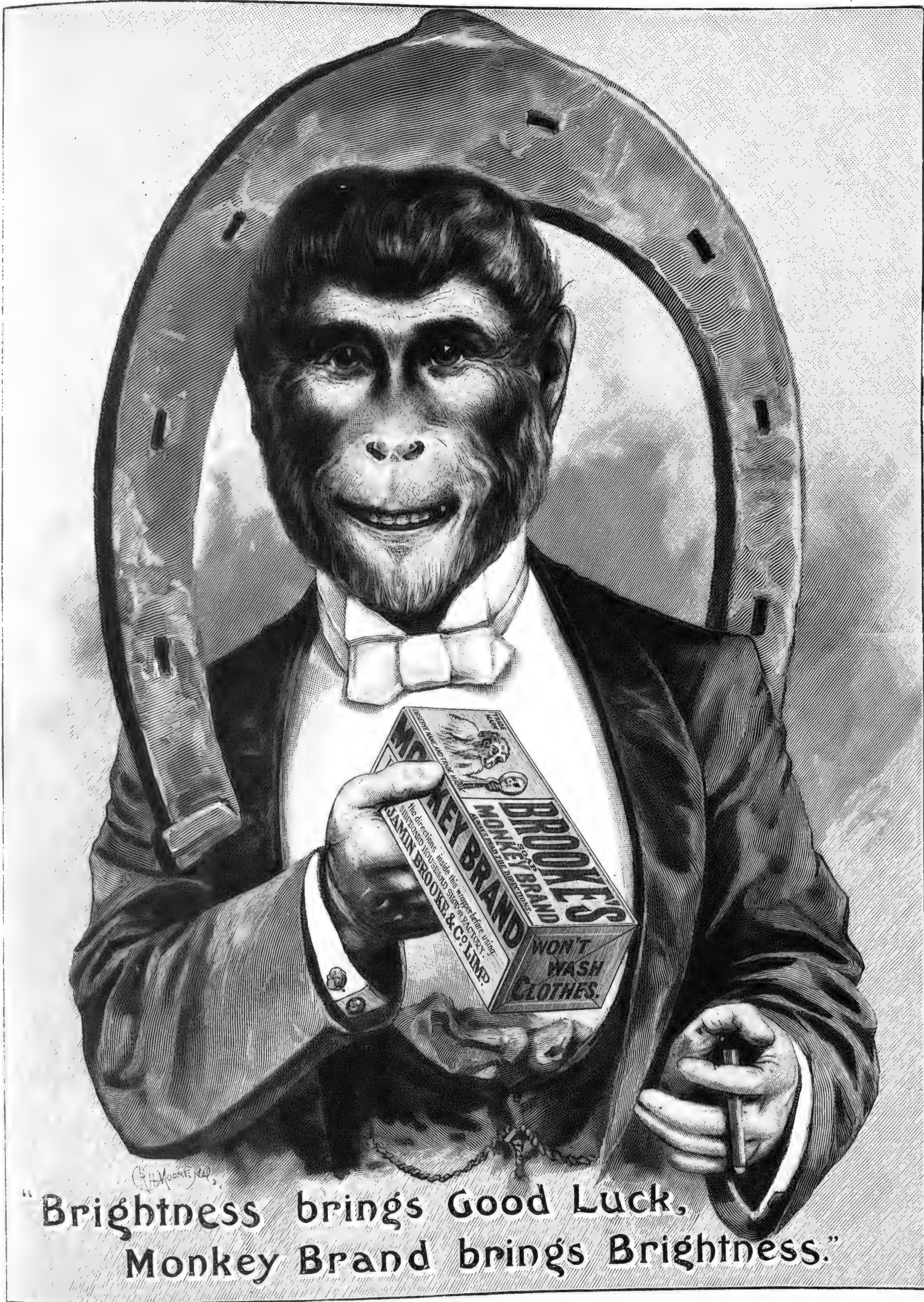


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## Music

## "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ"

The title adopted by La Fontaine for his adaptation of one of the Odes attributed to Anacreon was chosen by M. Varney for his comic opera produced in Paris twelve years ago, and it is retained in the English version by Messrs. Yardley and Byatt, which was mounted at the Lyric last week. *L'Amour Mouillé* is, however, a name not easily to be pronounced by the London playgoer, nor, indeed, in the piece in its English dress is there very much left concerning the mischief-loving Cupid, who knocked at the door during a rain storm, falsely pleading that as his bow-string was wet it had become useless and impotent. *L'Amour Mouillé* is, in fact, frankly opera bouffe more or less upon the old lines, with a first act which obviously would bear a great deal of condensation and much increase of fun; a capital second act, and a third act only relieved from its dullness by the immensely clever acting of Mr. John Le Hay as an amorous Governor, Mr. Eastman as the real sweetheart of the orange girl upon whom that functionary's affections have been placed, and Miss Kate Cutler as the lady costermonger herself. When Mr. Eastman is concealed in a barrow, a plateful of oranges forming his hat, and when by his antics he compels the barrow to waltz about and ultimately wheel itself off the stage, the laughter, though doubtless easily provoked, is genuine enough.

## NOTES AND NEWS

Herr Siegfried Wagner has officially announced in the German papers his betrothal to Fraulein Senta Bree, who, it seems, is a clever young soubrette and actress of the Royal Theatre, Munich. The bridegroom elect is, of course, the only son of the composer, and he has himself just produced his first comic opera, entitled *Der Bärenhäuter*. The wedding will probably take place in June before the rehearsals for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth commence.

Dr. Richter, as was anticipated, has now settled matters with the authorities of the Vienna Opera House. He has, in fact, been accorded everything he could possibly desire. He has a largely increased salary, amounting, it is said now, to about 1,000*l.* a year, and also, lest his musical *amour propre* should be hurt by having anyone over him, he is to conduct only such operas as he chooses, and to have what holidays he may please, particularly for his engagements in England. It is at present uncertain whether he will conduct through the entire season at Manchester, and it is at any rate probable that should he do so his engagement will be limited to the coming winter. He is, however, officially announced to conduct this winter the celebrated "Gentlemen's" Concerts, Manchester (of which the "Young Pretender" was in the early days of the enterprise a subscriber), and also to direct the Richter Concerts in London in May and June, and again in October. He will likewise conduct the performances of *Die Meistersinger* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth.

Signor Mascagni is now at work upon a ballet entitled *The Marionettes*. He intends this as a slight relief from more serious operatic composition.

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## Tom Firr's Retirement

A PRESENTATION was made to Tom Firr on Monday, the 10th, at Quorn Hall, the seat of Mr. E. H. Warner, who entertained a large and distinguished company to lunch afterwards. Tom Firr was twenty-seven years huntsman to the Quorn, and is retiring owing to ill-health consequent upon a fall. The presentation consisted of a silver salver and cheque for 3,200*l.*, subscribed for by over three hundred followers of Quorn, past and present. Amongst the subscribers were



TOM FIRR  
Who has just retired from the Quorn Hunt



TOM FIRR'S FAREWELL TO THE QUORN HUNT

the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Rutland, Portland, Somerset, the Duchesses of Newcastle and Sutherland, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester, &c. Tom Firr served under six masters of Quorn. Lord Belper, as chairman of the Quorn Hunt Committee, made the presentation and a graceful speech, to which Firr responded, bidding the Quorn Hunt farewell. Mr. J. B. Cradock was the hon. sec. of the testimonial fund, which is not yet closed to subscribers.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Burton, Leicester.

## THE Third "Graphic" Amateur Photographic Competition.

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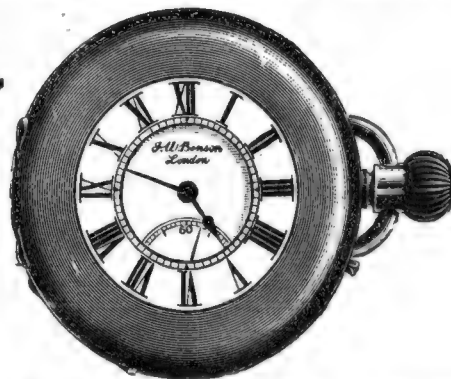
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## "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan"

No better description has ever been written of the beauties of Japan, of its curious customs, and of its interesting people than that given by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" (Hutchinson). The writer, as wife of the British Representative at Tokyo, had better opportunities of studying the Japanese in the intimacy of their home lives than falls to the lot of most sojourners in the Land of the Chrysanthemum, with the result that she has given to the world two of the most charming volumes that it has seen for many years. We are told in the preface that:—

In the following letters, written during a three years' residence in Tokyo, no method was followed beyond the interests and the fancy of the moment; no detailed description was attempted of Japan, her history and her customs and her philosophies.

It is perhaps for this reason—the reason that she only wrote when the spirit was upon her—that we get a deeper insight into the character of the people, and a truer idea of the lives they live and of the country which they inhabit. The scent of the pines, the odour of the flowers that bloom so luxuriantly in the East, seem to pervade the book. Mrs. Fraser is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and is as fond of flowers and of bright colours as the Japanese themselves.

In the first chapter, immediately after her arrival in Japan, she writes:—

We are late for the cherry blossoms, and must wait till next year to see them in their glory; but when the wind blows the petals are stirred from where they have been lying in rosy heaps at the trees' feet, and go whirling down the paths like belated snowflakes. It is really wistaria-time, and I have been out to the Kameido Temple to look at the famous arbour there. It is a lovely and amazing sight. The temple grounds consist chiefly of flagged paths running round great tanks of water, shaded from end to end by a thick roof of drooping flowers. The pale-purple clusters grow so thick that no glimpse of sky is visible between them, and their odorous fringes hang four or five feet deep in many places. Little breezes lift them here and there and sway the blooms about so as to show the soft shadings from pale lilac to dark purple, and the flowers as they move shed drift after drift of loose petals down on the water, where the fat, red goldfish come up, expecting to be fed with lard cakes and rice balls. Low seats and tables, covered with scarlet cloths, are set by the edges of the tanks, and people can refresh themselves with tea and saké (rice beer) as they sit to admire the flowers.

One of the most beautiful traits in the Japanese character is their great love for children. No trouble is too great for them if it brings pleasure to the "treasure flowers," as the babies are called.

It seems, says the writer, like a compensation to Japanese women for their judicial inferiority to men that the ruling passion of a woman's heart, love for

children, is recognised as a national virtue; that the reverence for childhood has developed a system of kindness and care and protection of childhood such as would be the dream, the unrealisable dream, of many a broken-hearted mother in England, powerless to protect her children from the drunken cruelty of the brute who is their father. There is no baby torture here, no beating, no starvation, none of the indescribable horrors exposed and punished, in some degree, by our only too necessary Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. From one end of Japan to the other a child is treated as a sacred thing, be it one's own or a stranger's. Each little one carries its name and address on a ticket round its neck; but should it, indeed, stray from home, food and shelter and kindness would meet it everywhere.

In telling us of the great fires which are so terribly frequent in Tokyo, she says that nothing could be more impressive than the quietness and order with which everything is done to save property, to help neighbours, and above all to bring the children into safety.

A certain number of men banded together for this purpose, and going through the streets of the district, where perhaps the danger, still unknown, might at any moment become acute, would knock at every door saying, "A fire has begun; give us the children?" And all the little ones were brought out (the elder ones carrying the babies), and at once took their places in the orderly procession, walking nine or ten abreast, with a man at the end of every fifth or sixth row to keep the order; and so the small people marched away in regiments of three or four hundred at a time, singing little songs to keep their spirits up, and showing no fear in their perfect confidence that they would be protected.

A Japanese girl has an exceptionally happy life until her marriage, and then her troubles begin. The husband, of course, has to be taken more or less on trust, as the parents arrange the marriage, but it is the mother-in-law who is the *bête-noire* of the bride. Mrs. Fraser says that every woman looks forward eagerly to the time when she will become a mother-in-law, when she will be openly honoured and repaid for many a silent sacrifice by the devotion of her daughter-in-law. A wife's submission to her husband has no limit; but her husband owes entire submission to his parents as long as they live. A daughter-in-law, in consequence, as often as not, becomes a slave to her husband's mother, and, however badly she is treated, he never or rarely interferes in her behalf.

A divorce is easily obtained in Japan, as the following will show:—

One of the Legation employes married away his daughter this year. When the family came to receive the little present usual on these occasions, I asked the mother if the bridegroom seemed a good and kind young man, who would make O'Sudzo happy. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "O'Sudzo will be very happy; her mother-in-law is a good woman, and has taken a great fancy to her." The bridegroom was not even mentioned. As it turned out he proved to be either very unreasonable or very unkind, for six weeks after the wedding O'Sudzo was sent home again—divorced. . . . What has happened? I asked in deep sympathy, for a divorce is a great misfortune to a girl, and marks her as having some distinct defect, bad temper perhaps, or clumsy hands with a habit of dropping the china, or something equally undesirable. But it turned out that poor O'Sudzo was not accused of anything so serious. He came into the room

one day and found her sewing, and as he watched, she threaded her needle holding up to one eye as women do.

"Why do you do that?" asked the man.

"Because I see better so, honourable husband!" she replied.

"Hold it up to the other eye and thread it," he commanded, and she obeyed.

At least she tried to obey, and failed, being slightly short-sighted on that side.

"Go home," he said, "and return no more. Who wants a one-eyed wife?"

Mrs. Fraser writes of Court functions and other ceremonies

which she took part of; of the visit of the Duke and Duchess

Connaught, and of the murderous attack on the Cesarevitch.

She tells us, in truly Oriental style, many legends of Japanese my-

thology. But we prefer to linger over the picturesque descriptions

of the beauties of the country places she visited, and which

describes in such glowing language. What could be more charming

than the following extract from a letter, written in the summer

1890 in a house, which she calls the "Palace of Peace."

Karuzawa:—

And now I am writing in the most lovely study in the world. Over

the pine branches meet in arches of kindly green; the pillars of my

warm brown trunks, roughened in mystic vases by the sun and the

ful of sweet gums that catch and cling to my hand if I lay it against the

underfoot a hundred layers of pine needles have been waving a carpet

that the weariest foot must press it lightly; and, lest I should want for

stream, deep-running between hedges of wild clematis and white hydrangeas

crowding wistaria tangle, sings a cool tune near by, while the hum of

insects in the air sounds the high note of noon, the hot Eastern noon, when

bird is still.

The volumes are well printed and handsomely bound, and

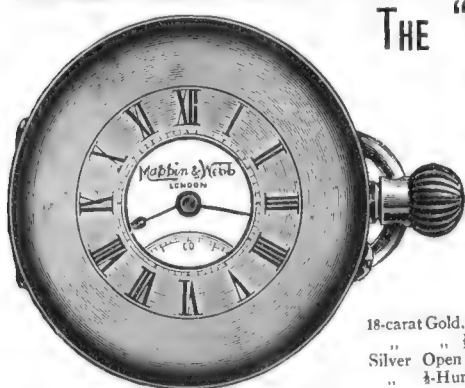
numerous illustrations, which include many examples of the

that eccentric genius Kyōsai, are both well chosen and well

executed.

## The Burning of the "Goliath"

THE following is an extract from a letter received by Captain Bouchier, of the *Exmouth*, from an old boy:—"The Christmas holidays brought back to me the old days of myself when I was with you, but the thing that crossed my mind the most was that awful Christmas of the old *Goliath*. It brought me to my senses when I thought of it, but thank God it was no worse, but it was worse enough as it was. But there is another thing that I should like to mention, that is the beautiful picture that came out with *The Graphic* paper, which I think, if there was ever a thing truly printed, both of you and the terrible accident, I think that is one."—From a Medal Boy.



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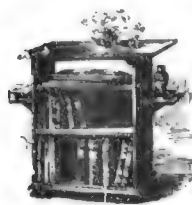
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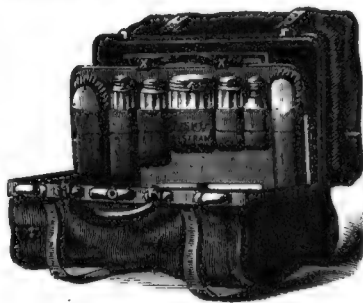
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE year makes no very marked progress. The almond trees came into flower in mid-March, only to lose their glory of pink bloom in a series of bitter gales. The wheat plant—to pass from the æsthetic to the practical—is decidedly less promising than it was a month ago. Peaches and nectarines have lost their promise altogether, and the budding chestnuts have made no appreciable progress since the end of March. The one hopeful sign is the arrival of four of the chief spring birds, namely, the sand-martin, the house-martin, the chaff-chaff, and the wheatear. The first was seen at Richmond on Easter Monday, the second at Bournemouth on the same day. The chaff-chaff was observed by four different observers on Good Friday, at Theydon Bois, in Essex, at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, at Wimbledon, and at Westgate-on-Sea. By Easter Tuesday it had reached Suffolk. The wheatear was seen at Wimbledon on Easter Monday. The gamekeepers report early leverets, and the birth of this year's pheasants is also taking place at a period well up to local date. The rainfall from January 1 to April 8 was in exact agreement with the average of the half-century, but, as 1898 was very dry, the state of the subsoil is almost certainly dry also. The temperature of the first week of April was not a degree above that of the warmest week of February. The winds have been very high, but at this time of year this has no bad agricultural effect.

## FORTHCOMING SHOWS

The first important spring meeting in the agricultural sense is the big show held at Glasgow this year, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of the present month. This is followed on May 2 by a smaller, but always interesting, Bute Farmers' Show at Rothesay. The venue then shifts as far south as Jersey, where on May 10 a show is held which annually attracts many farmers from England to St. Heliers. The first English county show of the season is that of Somerset, to be held this year at Bridgewater on May 10, 11 and 12. Notts follows on the 15th and 16th with a show at Newark; Oxfordshire on the 16th and 17th has its show at Woodstock. There is no other event until the 22nd, when the London Cart Horse Parade will attract its many hundred breeders, buyers and lovers of cart-horses to Regent's Park. On the 24th the great show of the Bath and West of England Society takes place and lasts five days. It is to be held this year at Exeter. The last day of May sees the Wiltshire farmers united at Salisbury, and with this show the spring season melts into that summer period, from June 1 to August 7, which is the chief show season of the farmers' year. It begins with the Suffolk Show on June 1 and ends with the big show held by Lancashire during the first week of August. Its greatest event is, of course, the "Royal" Show, the average date of which is Midsummer Day.

## THREE GREAT SOCIETIES

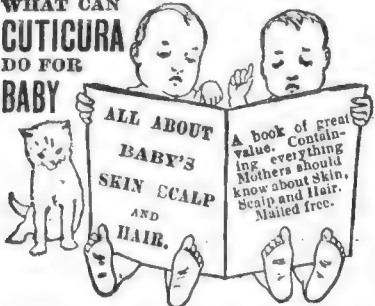
The "Royal" has the pleasure of being able to announce that the Prince of Wales will serve as president for the club year

beginning Midsummer of 1900. This kind of H.R.H. is greatly appreciated especially by the northern members, as the 1900 show will be held at York. The 1901 show will probably be at Cardiff, but no resolution has yet been come to. Arrangements for this year's show at Maidstone are unusually forward. The "East and West" have decided to meet in 1901 at Croydon, and will probably attain almost the importance of a London show. In 1900, the show will be at Bath itself. The Society has obtained a grant of 300l. from the Government for special experimental research. The Shire Horse Society has succeeded in obtaining the Prince of Wales for chairman. They have a balance of nearly a thousand pounds, so that an extra grant of 250l. for medals to encourage the show of shire horses in the provinces seem a slight vote. But of course a grant like this generally becomes an annual affair, and has to be looked at, therefore, from a "capitalised" point of view.

## THE LAMBING SEASON

Southdowns have done well despite the inclement March, which it was feared would be very inimical to this delicate race. The abundance of good food and the careful shepherding of which they are usually regarded as the most valuable sheep have doubtless had something to do with the excellent manner in which the children are reported to have come through a trying spring. Lincoln has been unusually prolific this season, and the mortality having been below the average a substantial increase in the long wools has been recorded.

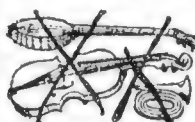
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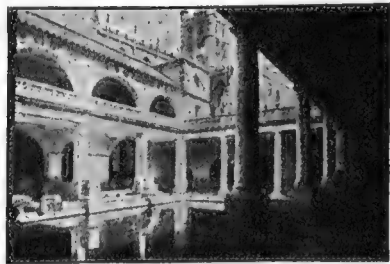
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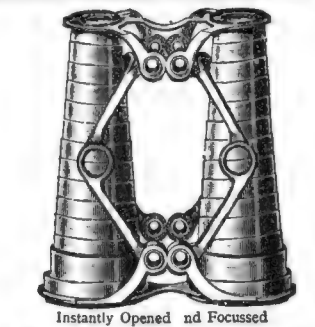
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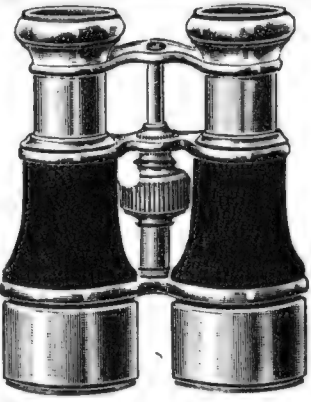
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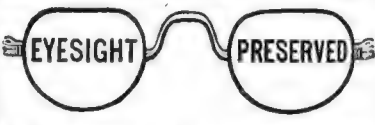
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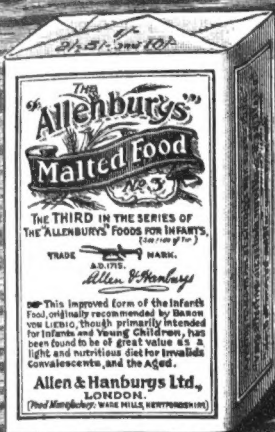
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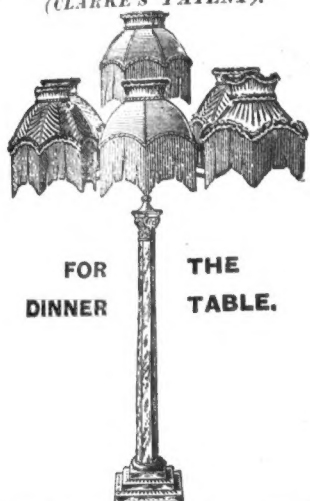
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"Sanitas" 1/- PINT BOTTLES  
 Disinfecting Fluid  
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They "Touch" the Liver.

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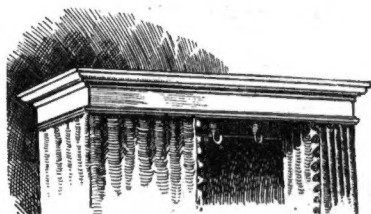
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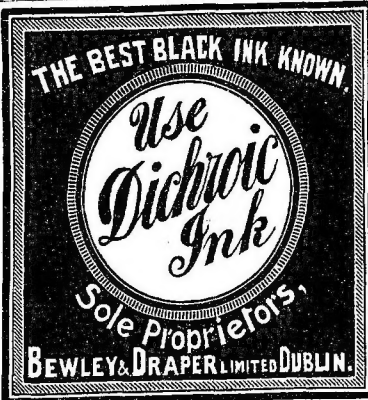
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Difficulty in expectoration, Asthma, Catarrh,  
Nervous Coughs, Sleeplessness and Oppression: im-  
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"I began using your Food when my son was only  
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"After a lengthened experience of  
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paraly superior to any I have ever had."

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GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

A delicious, highly nutritive, and easily digested Food, especially prepared for Infants, and those whose  
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The "LABALLE" Guns are of much sounder con-  
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Jeffery's New Remington Pattern Action Rook  
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curlers and selling them as 'Hinde's Curlers'. Evidence  
was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington,  
that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation.  
Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genu-  
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on the box, and on the box of the present dulated hair  
'Hinde's' the name is not on the box, and the box is not  
marked 'Hinde's'.

WAVERS

**IMPORTANT.** In urgent cases of collapse following on Influenza, **TELEGRAMS** ordering **BELLIS'S TURTLE SOUP**  
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No form of nutriment is comparable to **TURTLE SOUP** or **TURTLE JELLY**, and a few spoonfuls administered when  
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Guaranteed to be the product of the Finest Imported Live Turtle.  
**Real Turtle Soup. Real Turtle Jelly.**

Invaluable to Invalids, Tourists, Sportsmen, &c.

GLASS FLACONS 7s.



And in PINT TINS 5s.

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A Delicious and Economical Soup, sufficient for Twelve Persons,  
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2s. PER BOTTLE.



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The "Illustrated London News," May 21, 1898.

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CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**

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TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

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SOOTHING SYRUP.  
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.**

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perfect success. It soothes the child, softens  
the Gums, allays all Pain, cures Wind Colic, and  
is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

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**AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE**  
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THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 15, 1899



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